Volume 1

The Chronicles of Lorenzo

Lorenzo Hagerty

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The Chronicles of Lorenzo Volume 1

200 Brief Stories
by and about

Lorenzo Hagerty, Esq.

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The Art of Becoming an Entrepreneur

The Spirit of the Internet

The Genesis Generation

The Milk Punch Regatta & Other Stories

On the Cusp of Chaos

Scattered Thoughts

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Forward

I began writing this book on my 74th birthday. My objective at the time was to record a short account each day so as to have a collection of 365 stories one year later. Gradually, I fell behind and decided to write only 254 little vignettes instead. Finally, after falling even more behind, I decided to write five volumes of 200 stories each. This is Volume 1.

In May of 2017 I launched a Patreon site where I could interact with a few people who wanted to support my writing on a monthly basis. These are my patrons, and without them I most likely would not have finished this first volume. However, their financial support and words of encouragement worked, and here we are today. As I released parts of this book for them to read, their comments began to change my concept of what it was to be.

I first began writing these stories by hand, and so they were quite short for the most part. After switching to writing on my computer, however, my stories gradually became somewhat longer.

As you will see, there is no plan or structure to the flow of these stories. Each day, as I sat down to write one, I simply wrote about whatever struck my fancy on that day. The result, however, opened my eyes to reveal what my subconscious daily thoughts were finding interesting or significant enough to spend the time writing about.

Ultimately, our stories make up the fabric of our lives. I've got many more stories to tell, but here are the first 200 that came to my mind. I hope that you enjoy reading them as much as I have enjoyed living them.

Lorenzo Hagerty
On the coast of Southern California
December 23, 2017

I've seen things you people wouldn't believe. Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion. I watched C-beams glitter in the dark near the Tannhäuser Gate. All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain.

The "C-Beams Speech"
from
Blade Runner

1
Introduction

After completing 75 years here on Planet Earth, the main thing that I have to show for it are my stories. Of course, the same may be said about all of us. Our stories tell others who and what we are and show how our personalities were formed. Sadly, I have no one to tell them to any more. I've already bored most of my friends and family with many of them. So I've decided to tell them to myself, right here in these pages. They'll be in no special order of importance to me, just what comes up each day as I sit here and write.

I'll begin with one of my pet peeves: The fact that people never capitalize the word "Earth" when referring to this planet. We capitalize the names of all the other planets and even the Sun, but we seem to have little such respect for our own planet, which has become obvious in our current environmental situation. However, I digress. Here's the first story.

254 Villa Street, Elgin, Illinois remains the only place, still today, that I've ever felt was actually my HOME. On my desk right now is the old brass door knob from our "Villa Street house." It has been used (touched) by almost all of my relatives from my grandparents on down, with the possible exception of Grandpa Hagerty.

254 Villa Street, Elgin, Illinois

He only visited there for a few hours on one single day. It was the only time that I ever spent with him. I was probably around 10 years old then. Grandpa Hagerty lived in Tacoma, Washington and was a conductor on a railroad that ran between Chicago and Seattle.

When my dad was 12 years old, my grandmother divorced my grandfather and moved my dad and herself back to Illinois. It must

have been a terrible time for both her and my dad. (By the way, that was my grandma's 3rd divorce!) Apparently things were so bad between my grandparents that after they moved back to Elgin my dad was never allowed to mention his own father again. However, when I was born I was given the name "Charles" as my middle name. That was also Grandpa Hagerty's first name. By the time that I realized the significance of this, both my dad and mother were dead. So I've never learned what my Grandmother Hagerty thought of my name.

Mike, Grandpa Hagerty, Larry, Joe

Grandma Hagerty was a dressmaker and opened a shop in the Elgin, Illinois hotel where she and my dad lived in a single room for some amount of time that I no longer can remember. I still suffer for my dad when I think of how difficult it must have been for him to be a teenager back then.

Grandma Hagerty only had one good eye, the other one was made of glass. We were told that a chip from a porcelain pan got into her food, migrated to her eye, and half-blinded her. I doubt that's true, but porcelain pans were never allowed in our house.

2

Memories of my dad

Eventually I'll write more about our house at 254 Villa Street. The number '254' comes up in my consciousness quite often via digital clocks. I always think of my aunt Anne when I see that number, because after Grandpa Fox died it became "Anne's house." Interestingly (to me at least) it is also the number of counties in

The number of HOME

Texas. On top of that, the great Charles Fox addressed Parliament 254 times during his first six years as a member (1768 – 1774), there are 2.54 centimeters in an inch, 2.54 square inches in an 18" pizza, and in issue #254 of Rolling Stone Magazine Hunter Thompson wrote the obituary of his "Samoan attorney", Oscar "Zeta" Acosta.

Another item on my desk is a large sea shell that my dad picked up during World War Two (which my mother just called War Two) on Manus Island where he was serving in the South Pacific. My dad was one of the men who were injured when the Mt. Hood blew up. It was an ammunition ship that he was helping to unload. Hundreds of men were killed that day, and the ship essentially disintegrated. Hardly a piece was found. The conspiracy nut-jobs claim that it was a nuclear explosion. Bullshit! Our family would have known if my dad had been exposed to nuclear radiation. On the table to my right is a photo of my dad and the men in his division on Manus. It's my favorite picture of him. My dad and I were both proud of the fact that we had served in the Pacific during a war, kind of sad now that I think about it. Lying under that sea shell is my now-expired California driver's license. I was on acid when the photo was taken.

3

Teenage recklessness

I remember one winter day when I was in high school and was on Xmas vacation. I was visiting some friends in Elgin. I don't remember what led up to it, but along with John, Corky, and a couple of other guys, we walked across the new bridge that was being built across the Fox River for the tollway. We had to walk on a single steel beam which wasn't much wider than our shoes. It was a LONG way down to the river, and I was really scared, but I didn't want to be the first one to chicken out. At least one guy got a few hundred feet out over the river and had to sit down and wiggle his way back to where we began. It was snowing at the time, and the bridge was beginning to get ice building up on the beams. That may have been the most reckless thing that I did as a teenager. There were other follies, of

course, but that one may have put my life more in danger than any other. What a stupid person I was . . . and still am in many ways.

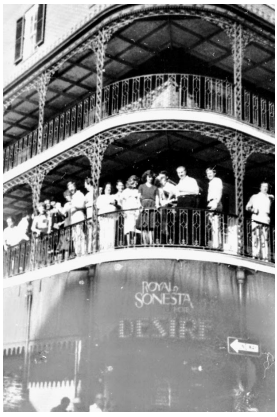
4

Those damn bats!

There was this time when we were living in Dallas and we took a long weekend holiday with the kids and stayed at a friend's lake house near San Antonio. (Everyone in Texas seems to have a second house somewhere.) The kids were in an attic dormer room and suddenly started screaming. I ran up the stairs and discovered several bats flying around and dive-bombing the kids. So I opened the big triangular window and began searching for something with which to shoo them out. But before I found something to use, the bats flew out on their own. The kids "remember" me using a tennis racket to shoo them out, but I didn't have anything to do with getting them out. Nonetheless, I've always gone along with the tennis racket story.

5

A New Orleans adventure



I once rented this corner suite at the Royal Sonesta for a weekend party in New Orleans.

Pete Fountain died last week. I can still remember his appearances on our old black and white TV. (In fact, all of the TVs were black and white back then. It wasn't until I'd been practicing law for a few years before we bought our first color TV.) Pete Fountain was featured on either the Lawrence Welk show or Ed Sullivan's. I think it was Welk. He had a full head of black hair at first, but on each appearance it got thinner until he was bald. My dad loved the way he played what dad called "the licorice stick."

Years later, during the summer of 1963 I think it was, my brother came to visit me at the Houston Yacht Club where I was the head sailing instructor. At the time, my mentor, Ray Bell, was having a financial crisis of some

kind, which triggered his old impulse to go on a drunken tear to New Orleans. His wife, Edie, thought it would be best if Mike and me accompanied him. He agreed to pick up all of our expenses. It was Mike's second flight, ever! We were in an old DC-3 flying from Hobby to NOLA. As we were taxiing for takeoff, Ray pulled out the arm rest between us, which was normal in most planes back then, but Mike didn't know that. Ray held it up and exclaimed, "This damn plane is falling apart!" which totally freaked out Mike.

We did a lot of wild things over the next few days. At first, we stayed in a two room suite at the Roosevelt Hotel, and one morning Mike and me heard Ray calling out from the next room. We rushed in, asking what was wrong. "Nothing's wrong," he said. "I just want to know where I am."

At that time, Pete Fountain was still playing at his club on most nights, but the night we went wasn't one that he was scheduled to play on, which is probably why we got in so easily and had a table right up front. In the corner there was a big, rowdy party taking place. We learned that the table was for Phil Harris and some of his friends who were in town to celebrate Harris' daughter's wedding. Eventually, the revelers at the big table got Phil to come up to the bandstand to play a drum solo. He did and was soon joined by one of his guests, Pete Fountain! A couple more people came up and joined the playing, and for over an hour we had ringside seats to watch and listen to Pete Fountain jam with Phil Harris.

Eventually we made it over to Biloxi and the underground gambling clubs. In one of them Ray thought that he'd been cheated and got Mike and me to create a disturbance at the bar for refusing service to Mike, who was only 15 at the time. When we did, Ray grabbed his money back and ran out while Mike and me were being thrown out.

After that we went to a big club with a Vegas-like show at which Mike won a magnum of champagne. I had to go up on stage and

claim the prize because I was 21 at the time. The show girls shared it with us.

The next morning I was driving our rental car back to the New Orleans airport, Ray was riding shotgun, and Mike was in the back. We stopped at a red light where an old drunk came up to Ray's window and asked for some change. Ray said, "I don't have any change. Too bad you didn't want this though," and he held up a half-full pint bottle of booze. The sad old drunk got down on his knees and said that he only wanted the money to buy some booze. So Ray gave him the bottle and a few dollars as we drove off.

That was the last of my boyhood adventures with my little brother. We had very little time together after that. Both Miguel and Ray are gone now, and it's only me here, talking to this piece of paper. I miss them both, dearly.

6

Miscellaneous memories

There are some TV commercials that we hear over and over as children and that never leave us. I can still remember the phone number of the Magikiss Carpet Cleaners in Chicago: Hudson-3-2700. And then there was the infamous LSMFT: Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco.

When I was on the destroyer Hopewell we would periodically schedule some kind of a hokey drill that required us to be at sea. We'd go out in the morning and come back early in the afternoon. The real reason we did that was to go off shore into international waters and open the ship's store, where cigarettes sold, tax free, for eleven cents a pack.

7

A perfect moment

Yesterday morning I stayed with our youngest granddaughter while her mother took her older sister to enroll in school. My granddaughter and I visited for a bit, then she said that she was going to play upstairs. After about 15 minutes or so I went to check on her,

and she was happily playing with her dolls. Some time ago she told me that while it would be OK if I wanted to be there with her when she played, she actually preferred to play alone with her dolls. About a half hour later I checked again and all was well. I went downstairs and sat in the living room and could hear her laughing, singing, and talking to her dolls. She was having a wonderful time.

This reminded me of how I once loved to play alone. I can still, very clearly, remember that last perfect moment of those days. It was summer, and I was probably around eight years old. I was playing in our sandbox, which was surrounded by a stand of giant lilac bushes, more like spindly trees, actually. This was just outside our kitchen window. Using the hose, I had built a little city with a river for my matchbox cars. It was a Perfect Moment, close to a plus five. As I was called in for supper I had an inkling that it wouldn't still be perfect when I came back out after supper. It wasn't. Something, somehow, had changed. That was the last perfect moment of my childhood, and no moment again has ever held my consciousness like that.

8

My favorite speeches

I've given a lot of speeches, but only a few of them stand out. My talks for Dynasty and Classique were to some large audiences, several thousand quite often. The two that I clearly remember include the one that I gave in the great hall at the Dallas Apparel Mart and the one that I gave to a packed Marriott ballroom while tripping on MDMA. That one was supposed to last for about 20 minutes, and they had to force me to quit as I approached one hour.

The crowd at the Dallas Apparel Mart as Lorenzo was about to speak

Then there were the Prisoner of War speeches. The one that I gave on the steps of the Lincoln

Memorial in D.C. is still very clear in my memory. A retired Air Force general, whose son was a POW, came up and gave me a big hug afterwards. I still remember how his rough beard scratched my face. The most memorable of my POW speeches, for me however, was when the traveling Wall came to St. Pete and mother and Leo were there in the front row.

But I guess that the greatest talk of my life was the one that I gave at Mind States 2. It is recorded in my podcast 001. Just before my talk was the elders' panel with the Stolaroffs, the Shulgins, Michael Horowitz, Laura Huxley, Rosemary Leary, Cynthia Palmer, and Huston Smith. So the room was already packed to standing room only. After their panel a few of the elders were swamped with fans. Jon Hanna asked them to go out the side door to talk so that I could begin. The room remained standing room only with seats for the elders saved up front. As I got rolling, the crowd became more enthusiastic. The Shulgins heard it and brought everyone back into the room to listen to me. When I ended there was a large applause, and when I looked up I saw ALL of the elders standing up and clapping. It was the first time that anyone there had heard me speak, or even knew who I was. It was a magical moment for me that I will take with me to my grave. It was most definitely one of the major highlights of my professional life. And it has made much of my sorrow and agony about being alive seem more worthwhile.

Lorenzo speaking at Mind States 2 - Photo by Paul Daley

9
Scrimshaw

Scrimshaw by Frank

When I was in the navy, one of my big adventures was being involved in the investigation of the loss of a nuclear submarine, the USS Scorpion, and I'll talk more about that at some other time. Today I'm thinking about whale teeth. Our mission took us to the Azores Islands where I bought some scrimshaw. The finest piece was done by an artist named Frank, who was about to move to L.A. and work for Disney. It is truly a fine piece. Also I have a very large tooth that my friend, Beau Myers, the XO of the White Sands, did the art work on. The other pieces are some that I picked up in various shops in the Azores. Unfortunately, since scrimshaw is protected under the endangered species act I can't display it or talk about it. I have no idea what will happen to it after I'm dead.

10
Young love

Eighth grade was when I first became aware of my own appearance and of girls. Sandra Shabert was the girl that I took to Riverview and a few other places. We hung out with Judy Harms, Karen Dingle, and Joe Pompa.

Karen & Joe - June 1956

Karen was the most popular girl in our class of 25 or so. Joe was Mexican-American. They were an interracial couple back in 1956. I remember the girls wearing saddle shoes and penny loafers. I had blue suede shoes, which required a special metal brush to constantly groom them. And I also had white bucks, along with the chalk bags we used to powder them.

11
Telegrams

I guess that the days of the old Western Union telegram are now over. Telegrams were very important during our Villa Street years, but we seldom received one. They almost always brought only bad news, and they were eventually replaced by long distance telephone calls to give people bad news, which is why I still have a phobia about talking on the phone. Somewhere in one of my boxes is the telegram that I sent to my parents from NYC on my high school senior trip. I think it pretended to give bad news but was obviously a joke.

12
College drinking days

Kub's is what we called Kubiak's Bar in South Bend. During our junior year at Notre Dame we discovered that Kub didn't check I.D.s. During our senior year we held a party there for Dan Brosnan's 21st birthday. It was held in the dingy little back room off the left end of the bar. Dan had a bit much to drink and had fallen asleep with his head on his hands on the table when Kub came in with some more pitchers of beer. Kub asked what we were celebrating, and when we told him it was Dan's 21st birthday Kub freaked out, because he'd been serving Dan for almost a year by then.

Draft beer was twenty-five cents for a big glass. If you were down to your last ten or fifteen cents Kub would give you a partial glass.

This was where I saw pop-top beer cans for the first time. Kub proudly showed us his sample six pack, which he had on display on the back bar. He didn't actually pop a top because at the time these were the only six pop-top cans that he had. When he went into the walk-in cooler to get something we popped all six of them just to see how they worked.

There were a lot of characters that frequented Kub's, and we were about the only six students who came in. It was kind of

rundown and seedy, but we felt comfortable there. One guy that we all liked was an old plumber everyone called Earl the Swede. (I used that name in my novel for a Burning Man scene.) One night some local punks came in and started giving us "college guys" a hard time. I was sitting at the bar, and Earl was next to me on my right side. Suddenly, this beefy, drunken punk pushes between us, grabs my arm, and is about to hit me in the face with his other hand when, before I could even figure out what was happening, Earl the Swede had this punk up in the air, over his head like a weight lifter lifting some barbells, and he carried the punk to the door where a friend of Earl's had opened it, and he threw the punk out on the street. We never had any trouble with the locals after that.

I had many long conversations with Earl over the two years that we hung out there. He had a very thick accent that probably couldn't have been understood even if he'd been sober, but Earl was always quite drunk. He mumbled on to me for hours, each of us buying our own twenty-five cent beers, and I always acted like I understood him and agreed with him, but I never clearly understood what he was talking about. Earl was one of the most unforgettable people that I've ever met, sort of a Bukowski figure for me. I really loved that guy.

13

The dentist

In about 5th or 6th grade I got my braces. I had really bad buck teeth and was mercilessly teased about them. The older boys called me "woodchuck" and "woody." The girls all laughed, and to be honest, I have never recovered from that teasing. I've ALWAYS thought of myself as the fat, buck-tooth boy. That image has never left me. I got my braces, at what must have been an unbelievable cost to my poor parents. We never had a vacation during my "braces years" because all of my parents' extra money went to me . . . little did I know or realize it at the time.

My dentist was Dr. Blair, and he practiced downtown in the Elgin Tower building, which housed a big Walgreen's Drug Store on the ground floor. At the time I was the only child at St. Joe's who had braces. So they let me out during the middle of the day for my appointments, when I'd walk downtown for them. I have nothing but HORRIBLE memories of them. I remember the elevator up to the 8th floor where Dr. Blair's office was. It was one of those old elevators that had a full-time operator who opened the two expandable gates to let you enter and leave. He used a lever to make it go up and down. Sometimes he had to jiggle the car up and down a half foot or so to get the floor level with the floor of the car.

Elgin Tower Building

14

Scout camp

At Boy Scout camp I took a cooking merit badge class. All went well with learning, etc., but on the night of our test, when the camp counselors came for dinner, only one of them got fed because the rest of us never got our cooking fires started. I was never much of an outdoorsman, I guess. That may have been that year when Bob was one of the four of us who shared a tent. Bob was a classmate and friend of mine. Years after I'd left home, my parents told me that Bob had become a priest. He was always overweight, and so I pictured him as a kind of Friar Tuck. Sadly, I learned that he had been 'retired' to a home for priests who molested little boys. I always liked Bob. He must have been under a lot of pressure his entire life.

15
A bitter memory

I've been thinking about my first big move, from Elgin to Rochelle. I still have a very clear memory of our drive out of Elgin late that night. We had just said goodbye to my Aunt Anne, who owned the house where I had lived since I was one year old. We had just driven across the Fox River on the National Street bridge. We were in that old four door Desoto (the one that I totaled two years later).

My first auto accident

Mike and I were in the back seat. I was sitting behind mother and looking out the side window, seeing the old, familiar houses of Elgin flash by. Tears were streaming down my cheeks. I knew that my then girlfriend and I were most likely over. I was going to be in a high school where I knew no one and was a nobody. It was, and still remains, one of the most painful memories of my life. I can remember saying to myself, over and over, that I hated my parents for going back on their promise to let me finish high school in Elgin. It's a bitter, bitter memory on so many different levels. Interestingly, that move to Rochelle turned out to be a really good thing for me.

16
The farmers' picnic

During my last three years in high school we lived in Rochelle, Illinois. It was a small town of about 10,000 people, and farming was its economic foundation. My favorite time of year back then was at the end of the summer, when the whole town would turn out for a big picnic celebration. There were all kinds of events that took place during these picnics, even a beauty contest. However, the most popular event was the corn boil.

A big, old, steam-driven tractor was fired up and steam hoses were run from it to six long metal livestock watering troughs that

were filled with water. Into the boiling water we poured bushel after bushel of fresh corn that was brought in by big trucks. Long lines of people would queue up in front of each of the troughs, and we volunteers would pick ears of corn out of the boiling water for them with long metal tongs. Before putting the ears of corn on people's plates, we would use a paint brush to slather them with melted butter. I've never tasted corn as sweet as it was at the farmers' picnic.

17
Girlfriends

When we lived in Rochelle I dated Joanne Tilton, the town's (only!) rich girl. That was where I learned to be wary of rich people. The Tiltons had the only swimming pool in town. There wasn't even a town pool, just a flooded rock quarry on the edge of the town. The Tiltons also had a big motorhome, one of the first Bluebirds. Some weekends John Tilton would have his driver take Joanne and me into Chicago where we would play rich young adults, and Joanne would buy expensive clothes from private rooms in Marshall Field's.

Joanne Tilton & Larry Hagerty
Prom night 1960

Each year John would buy two new Cadillacs; his wife's was a pink convertible. What an incredible summer that was, the summer of 1960, just after we graduated from high school. Joanne would drive us around in her mother's car, and I would think of myself as a rich young man of leisure . . . of course, I was also working full time doing simple engineering work at her dad's pre-built-home factory, but in my mind I was an aristocrat for a few hours each week. It

has taken me the rest of my life to discover how far from the truth that life of mine actually was. I'm just another working class stiff who was never satisfied with my "station" in life. My short story "Summer Loves" is about that summer and Joanne.

18

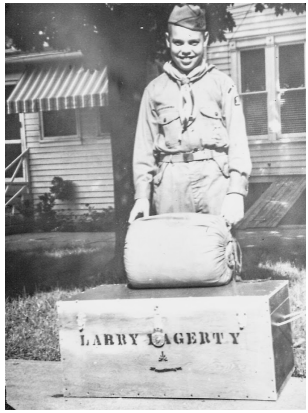
Job skills

One of the skills that I picked up while working my summer job at St. Joe's, the summer before 8th grade, was that I learned how to use those big floor polishers. (Bill Schmitz and I repainted all of the classrooms, walls and ceilings . . . earned a hundred dollars for the summer's work.) As a result, I got out of a lot of classes so that I could polish the gym floor for upcoming events.

19

My mentor

I could spend the next 10 years writing about Ray and Edie Bell. I owe so much to them, particularly Ray. But I remember one night when they were living in the house that Ray died in. It was just the three of us. Edie was playing the piano and she and I were singing show tunes. Ray was drunk and was making fun of us. He really pissed me off at the time. This anger at him served me well not all that long afterwards when he died. Every time I would begin to cry I remembered that night when he made fun of Edie and me, and that anger at him eased the pain of his death. I can remember at his funeral that Edie said, "That lousy bastard. He didn't deserve to die so easily." I think that she was doing the same thing I was. We both loved him so very dearly.



Larry on his way to Camp Big Timber

20

Order of the Arrow

When I was a Boy Scout there was this "secret society" called The Order of the Arrow. Near the end of each summer

camp session, at night, we would all line up near a big fire and the camp counselors would "tap" certain individuals on the shoulder, indicating that they were to follow the leader off somewhere. The people selected would NEVER talk about what happened next, nor would they talk about the ongoing meetings held by the Order. I was never tapped, although I desperately wanted to be. It was all a part of the ongoing rejection that I have felt for most of my life.

21
My dad's death

I was just thinking about the moment of my dad's death. I was holding his hand. It has now been over 40 years since he died, and I think about him and miss him every day . . . desperately.

22
Princess Diana

When I was living in my Valrico house, late one Saturday night, I was watching SNL, which was actually live, since I was living on the East Coast. They broke in with a news flash saying that Princess Diana was dead. At first I thought it was an SNL joke. After I realized that it was true, I called the only person I knew who would still be awake, my youngest son, Dan.

23
Duke Ellington

While I was a student at Notre Dame, we periodically had dances during the year. And each time I anxiously waited for my lottery number to be drawn so that I could buy two tickets. Well, I won and got tickets for a dance held in the North Dining Hall during my freshman year. The band was actually down on the dance floor, in the relatively small room we had. And as my date and I slowed and danced past the piano player, I caught his eye. We smiled at one another, and as I danced past him he held out his hand for me to shake. It was Duke Ellington. I have no memory of who my date was that night, but I'll never forget shaking the hand of Duke Ellington.

24

New Year's Eve

I spent New Year's Eve of 1962/63 in Houston, at the yacht club with John Price, Ray Bell and the heat shield crowd. At one point while at Ray Bell's house, I fell asleep (passed out most likely) while sitting in an armchair in the living room. I was wearing a black cowboy hat and was rudely awakened when Danny Bloodworth lit a string of firecrackers on my hat's brim.

25

Sorin Hall

After curfew one Saturday night at Notre Dame, my roommate Dave and I were about to sneak into our room by crawling in through our window, which was under the front porch of Sorin Hall. Earlier we had called the dorm guard to have him sign us in at the required hour. (Each holiday season the entire dorm donated a large sum of money to our hall guard for just that purpose.) So Dave and I were tiptoeing down the steps under the porch when we heard a voice from above say, "You don't need to climb in your window tonight boys, because I left the door down there unlocked for you."

Sorin Hall
The oldest Catholic men's dormitory in the U.S.

26

Fountain pens

There's a gold fountain pen in the old wooden National Insurance pencil box on my desk. December of 1975, when dad died and my brother Miguel came to Elgin, is when I bought it. Miguel wanted to own a good fountain pen. So we went into Chicago, it was at

Marshall Field's I think, and I bought two matching ones. He probably pawned his when he got back to Spain. I rarely used mine because my left hand messes up the wet ink when I write.

27

College friends

My college roommate, Larry Kavanagh, married Judy Miller who was one of six children of Dr. Miller of New Orleans, who had been Governor Earl Long's doctor. Dr. Miller became famous when he got Long released from a mental hospital in Galveston. Judy was raised in New Orleans and was the Queen of the Hermes Ball one year. I got to attend the formal ball and the fancy private dinner that followed as well. I also got to ride on a float in the Mardi Gras parade and throw away hundreds of dollars' worth of beads that Dr. Miller bought for us. Dave Herlihy and I had to hitchhike from South Bend to N.O. for the affair. I remember Judy telling the story of how, as a little girl she would sit at the piano, alongside the governor of Louisiana, Jimmy Davis, who played the song that he wrote: "You are my sunshine." Bye the way, Larry Kavanagh is my youngest son Dan's godfather, and Judy is my daughter Kelly's godmother.

Judy Miller
Queen of the Hermes Ball
with Larry Kavanagh

28

Last Rites

When I left for Viet Nam on the destroyer Hopewell my head was in a real mess. I had just recovered from a ruptured appendix and had been given the Last Rites of the Catholic Church by a priest

at Balboa Naval Hospital in San Diego. However, it had been many, many years since I had last gone to confession. All during my four years at Notre Dame, even though I served mass for Father O'Brien most days, I never went to communion because of the weight of mortal sins on my soul that I was too cowardly to confess. By the time that I left for the war all that I could think about at night, as I was trying to go to sleep, was about what a horrible, black soul I had, and that if I died that night I would burn forever in hell. And I was a married, 25-year-old, university graduate at the time! THAT is how fucked up people become when the Catholic Church owns their minds.

29

Floyd Bates

These are stories, stories about experiences that I've had. However, there actually is no way to fully convey the emotional impact of an experience that hasn't been shared. For example, if my brother was here I could mention "Bates' beans," and an entire history would immediately unfold in each of our minds. Bates, the World War One vet of the famous Christmas truce. Bates my godfather. Bates in all his other guises. Bates as my first employer . . . and as my dad's first employer. But Miguel is gone now, as is everyone else who knew our family's Bates stories. So these stories all fall hollow now that I'm the only one left who knew them not as stories but as first-hand experiences.

Floyd Bates
my godfather

30

Motivational speaker

During the last few years when we lived in Dallas, my primary occupation was that of a motivational speaker. And I must admit that I was a damn good one. I used the same recording studio as Zig Ziglar (who thought I was great), and Cavet Robert used me for his

audience warm-up speaker and gave me a nice quote to use in my promotional brochure. The National Speaker's Association gives out "Cavet's" as their equivalent of the Oscar. He was the king of the game back then.

31
Getting rich

I just realized: To reach our Dallas standard of living I had to work seven long days a week for three years. Finally, I decided to take one or two weekends off each month. I think that was when it all started downhill. Moral: It really isn't that difficult for me to get rich . . . but it is a life-consuming activity.

32
Sister Daniella

After returning from Sr. Danny's funeral I called mother to give her the details. When we were about to hang up she said, "I love you more than ever." This was the first time she ever said that out loud without me saying it first. . . . At Sr. Danny's funeral mass, the family (nephews and nieces) sat in the place of honor, up front. This struck me as quite odd. Sr. Danny had been a member of this religious community for over 63 years. *They* were her family now. Yet, blood seemed to come first. What is this sense of family? One sister called to speak to us from Indiana. She couldn't make the trip to Chicago for the funeral, but she felt a strong urge to speak to a family member. Those poor, lost souls living in a close community yet yearning for 'real' family. I was asked to give Sr. Danny's "funeral oration" and tried to decline because I had already taken

Sister Daniella and my mother Ruth Fox-Hagerty-Altepeter

some MDMA, but they persisted, and so I gave what must have been a magnificent eulogy, because after the service a very frail and very old nun inched her way to me with her walker and asked if I would come back and speak at her funeral, which she assured me wouldn't be all that far off.

33

Travel writer

When I was a travel writer for the *Rotarian Magazine*, one of the places that they sent me to cover was St. Croix. I stayed in the best hotel on the island, everything, including the bar, was complimentary. I had my own bungalow down on the beach. The main part of the hotel and the restaurants were at the top of a big hill that led down to the ocean. One night, after a wonderful meal and an after dinner drink in the beautiful open air bar, I went to my room and rolled a joint from some primo grass that I'd scored in town that day. I then went out and sat on the beach. The full moon made it seem almost as light as day. The breeze was gentle, and waves were lapping on the beach. I sat there, listening to the waves, feeling the warm breeze, looking up at the stars, and got completely stoned. Truly, a perfect moment.

34

Relaxing

I have no recollection of my father just relaxing. He was always doing something, usually to repair or remodel the house. Even when he read, it generally was Popular Mechanics or some such magazine. Perhaps that is why I feel so guilty on Sunday afternoons when I have a long list of nonstarted and uncompleted projects and yet spend my time reading a novel. I just don't seem to have the capacity to relax without feeling guilty about not doing something productive, not that I ever do any of those productive things. I just feel guilty about not doing them. I suspect that many of us suffer through lives of angst like this.

35

The kind of guy that I am

While pulling into a drug store parking lot one night in Florida (it was just after sunset), I began to turn into a row to park when a station wagon with no lights on came tearing at me at a speed much too high for a parking lot. We barely missed a crash. The other driver was a young woman with two kids in the car. As we recovered and proceeded to go by each other, I honked to get her attention so I could tell her that her lights weren't on. As I began to point to her lights she made her hand into a pistol and said, "You want to shoot? I'll shoot you!" And her face became daemon-like. . . So I gave her the finger instead.

36

Feminism

I remember the first time that I ever heard about feminism. It was in a room at the Chicago Hilton, Ellie Hill's room, sometime in 1963. I knew Ellie through weekend regattas with the MCSA, the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association, of which I became the vice-commodore. Ellie had dropped out of Michigan State to skate in the ice show at the Hilton. I was spending a wild weekend with her. The book she showed me was *The Feminine Mystique*, by Betty Friedan. As Ellie told me about it, I realized that it had never occurred to me that women didn't have the same privileges as men! What a revelation that was. It was only five years later when the infamous Police Riot at the 1968 Democratic National Convention took place in front of that same hotel.

37

The Heat Shield Crowd

My nightly routine now is to go to bed early and then get up between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m., sit it the chair in the living room and think. Last night I realized that once I'm dead there won't be anyone with the time and the inclination to read my stories. And that is true of all of us. We all have a great many stories that make up our lives. For my stories to be known, if that actually matters to anyone but

myself, I've got to feed them into podcasts. People don't have time to read any more. They have to fit things like other people's stories into their already crowded lives, which makes podcasting the perfect avenue, because the stories can be heard from my own voice.

Yet, even then, when I talk about Ray Bell and the heat shield crowd at the yacht club, there is no way that, even with a very long description of events, will the full impact of the story be conveyed to anyone who wasn't there. I'm now the last of the heat shield crowd. So, at best, only the headlines of my stories will ever be told.

John Price & Ray Bell
at the 'Heat Shield' table
Houston Yacht Club

38
Kirk Arnold

Kirk Arnold was one of the rising stars of the Ragknots, the junior sailors at the Houston Yacht Club. His grandfather, Hank Arnold Sr., was the first treasurer of the Humble Oil Company, now Exxon/Mobile. Kirk's parents, Hank Jr. and Betty, were close friends of mine, mainly Betty now that I think about it. Hank raced Stars and was known to be one of those skippers who yelled a lot at his crew, which is why I always avoided sailing with him. Although I'm sure that I went to their house for dinner several times, it is the times that I went to Hank Sr.'s house that I remember, particularly the original Winslow Homer painting in his study. I always enjoyed going there because he would tell stories about what it was like in the Spindletop Oil Field in the early days of the rush. He kept the books for the oil company in the same tent that he lived in for several years. It paid off with his large chunk of original stock in Humble Oil.

Betty had a reputation for being kind of brash when she was drinking. Her son Kirk was the primary focus of her life. One day during the summer of 1962 at the club, Kirk went for a ride with an

older boy who had a car but no driver's license. The boy lost control of his car on a sharp curve, hit a culvert, and Kirk was thrown out of the car through the front windshield. I was the one who had to identify the body, which is an experience that I wish I never had and can never forget. When I returned to the club after identifying Kirk's body, I found Betty who was sitting on the big bolder outside of the club office and was howling and howling in agony. It was the saddest sound of mourning that I've ever heard in person. Two summers later, when I returned to the club for my last year as sailing instructor, I became the godfather for Hank and Betty's new baby, Ann. They had one more daughter a year or so later. I lost touch with them when I moved to Dallas. It was too bad about Kirk, because he had everything going for him. Even though he was only 13 years old when he died, it was clear that he had the potential of becoming an American's Cup skipper one day. I still shudder whenever a teenager I know goes somewhere in a car with a friend.

Betty Arnold was my son Dan's godmother. Some time ago I heard that Betty had been murdered in her own home. Her head was smashed in with a hammer. I understand that they never found the person who did it.

39

Soft-boiled eggs

I don't have very many extremely clear memories of my Grandpa Fox, whose house I grew up in. Yet he became one of the major influences in my life, mainly through the stories I remember him telling me. However, I do remember him one day, standing at the old stove in the kitchen of our Villa Street house. He was cooking soft-boiled eggs. His method, he told me, came from his own grandmother: Put the eggs in a cold pan of water, turn the fire on high, and wait only one minute after the water begins to boil. Then take the eggs out and serve. I have found that method to make a perfect soft-boiled egg every time.

40

The Villa Street house

Our Villa Street house was built in the 1800s as a wedding gift for his daughter from the founder of our town. The house had a large barn at the back of the property. We used it as a garage, and after my dad returned home from War Two (as my mother called it) in addition to Anne's car and my brother and my bikes, wagons, soap box derby cars, etc., my dad had several hundred chickens in coo ps in one part of this huge garage. It was my job to put our toys away each night. When I'd forget and it was already dark, I would open one of the doors just a little and then roll the bikes into the garage, letting them fall over once inside. That big old barn was REALLY scary in the dark, and I was always sure that someone, or worse yet, some *thing* would grab me if I went in after dark. Actually, I'm still afraid of the dark.

My boyhood home, the Villa Street house, Anne's house

41

Electrical engineering

My first engineering job out of college was with ITE Circuit Breaker Co. I designed motor control centers for industrial purposes. The work involved taking the specs for the job's motors and designing a panel of breakers and switches to make them do what the specs required. I can't remember my boss's name, just his face. But the older engineer (about 10 years older than I was) who taught me the ropes was named Green, I think it was Charlie Green. He really taught me a LOT about what life as an electrical engineer is all about. There were six drafting tables in our cramped, low-ceilinged room. I worked in the middle on the left (as seen from behind) and

Charlie was at the back right table. Once we did all of our calculations and selected the equipment required, we would then have to draw very detailed (down to the size and placement of every screw hole) plans for the shop to fabricate. One of my jobs was to design the control center for some new exhaust fans to be used in New York's Liberty Tunnel. I designed it. Our shop built it. Dozens of people inspected it. We shipped it. They installed it. And when the switch was thrown to activate the first large motor, the panel exploded in a huge short circuit. Unfortunately, this actually happened during the same 30 minute period as when the Great Northeast Blackout of 1965 took place. Our panel, MY panel, was initially considered a possible part of the cause of the problems that caused the blackout. After many days and nights of panic on my part, we were cleared of all culpability because it was discovered that the contractor on the site had installed the wrong motors, not the ones that the specs set out and that I followed. Whew!!!!

At the time, I was working full time with a flex schedule that allowed me to carry a full law school class schedule along with work. Charlie Green taught me a lot of things, and I think about him often because one day he came into work with his calculations for how much of his life had been and would be spent just bending over his sink in the morning waiting for the water to get hot. We played hearts every day during our 30 minute lunch break, and I still enjoy that game.

42

Telephone numbers

My first telephone number was 3766. It was eventually changed to Sherwood-1-3766 and then to 741-3766 when our system shifted to using dial phones. Before that we just lifted the handset, and an operator would come on the line and say, "Number please." Instead of answering the phone with a "Hello," we answered by saying Three-seven-six-six.

During my high school years in Rochelle we didn't have dial phones yet. I can't remember our number back then, but Joanne

Tilton's number was 448. During weekends, some of the girls in my high school class would work as telephone operators. It wasn't unusual for me to pick up the phone, hear the "Number, please" from the operator, and when I'd say "Four-four-eight" the operator would say, "Sorry, Larry, but Joanne isn't home right now. She just got a call from so-and-so and they are "driving the loop". Years later, when I was practicing law, one of my clients was the man who was granted the patent for the touch dial system we use today.

43

The line-up

I worked for a few months as an engineer/draftsman for the City of Elgin, Illinois. My friend Maria got me the job. She was divorced from my high school friend, Rich, by then. God, what a great lay she was. Anyway, one day a call came up from the police station, which was in the same building we were in, to send down a couple of guys for the line-up. I was really terrified that some insane crime victim would pick me out. Among other things that I did for the city was to design the storm drain system for the new city center. That job got me enough money to be able to spend a couple of months bumming around Europe before I went into the Navy.

44

A business failure

The failure of Dynasty has left a permanent mark on my psyche. While my self-confidence is back to the point where I actually believe that I could now build another major corporation, I no longer feel as if I should be allowed to do so. Too many people, investors, employees, and customers all lost money on my last venture. I no longer feel as if I am morally suited to begin again, even though American corporate myth says that one must fail big before one can succeed big.

45

High school memories

A few years ago I began recording some remembrances of my past. I can’t say why I did this, but I do remember what prompted

me to do so. I was watching a video when, in the background, "Harlem Nocturne" was playing. Instantly I was transported back to the night that I've detailed in my essay titled "Summer Loves." Thinking about that night got me to wondering how many of my high school classmates I had kissed. So (and this is a mistake you should never make) I got out my old high school yearbook to take inventory.

It was inside the back cover of the book for my senior year that I read this quote from Shakespeare that my girlfriend had written:

But it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in the most humorous sadness.

I still don't know for sure what that means. But the person who wrote it meant the world to me, and I've never forgotten her. I guess it is the word 'melancholy' that grabs me. That is one of about a half-dozen words that stop me cold . . . madness is another.

46
Turning points

There have been two major turning points in my life: 1) Seeing the handwritten sign in the Engineering building at Notre Dame in January of 1961 that said, "Learn to sail FREE"; and 2) My first MDMA experience at Judy Womack's house in Dallas in April of 1984.

Had it not been for taking that free sailing class, I would never have made it to Texas as a sailing instructor at the Houston Yacht Club, where I met the lawyers and judges who helped me get into the University of Houston Law School.

And without MDMA, which led me to the worldwide psychedelic community, I simply wouldn't be anywhere near the person that I am trying to become today.

47

All the "Larrys"

Lorenzo had no childhood. He was born at Burning Man in 2002, but he hasn't yet completely forced all of the Larry's out of the biological avatar that they share. However, he is desperately trying to do so. Let's see how many Larry's there are to get rid of:

World War Two Larry
Little boy Larry
Big brother Larry
Buck tooth Larry
Not very athletic Larry
Precocious Larry
Geeky Larry
Social Larry
College Larry
Sailing team Larry
Sailing instructor Larry
Stunt man and sailor Larry
Law school Larry
OCS Larry
Naval Officer Larry
Husband and father Larry
Lawyer Larry
Entrepreneur Larry
Motivational speaker Larry
Computer pioneer Larry
Rich Larry
Divorced Larry
Defeated and broke Larry
Radical Larry
Starting over Larry
Internet evangelist Larry
Psychedelic Larry
Burning Man Lorenzo
Psychedelic Salon Lorenzo

48

Viet Nam Veterans

No one who lived through the American War in Viet Nam, including EVERYONE on the so-called "home front," was ever the same. We are all Viet Nam Veterans.

The war burned a scar in our psyches on such a deep level that most of us never have actually realized how damaged we are. And no matter how tenuous your involvement in that atrocity, you know, you know, you know. And you'll never be able to forgive yourself for not doing more to end that horror. "We said we'd all go down together." Yet we've now got a whole new crop of politicians in Washington who are sending guys like me to die and be maimed and fucked up for life in yet another war. Fuck 'em all. I wouldn't even walk across the street to piss on a single one of their graves.

49

Losing it

An incident at sea during the Scorpion cruise: The banging door on the mess decks below my stateroom, and after the OOD didn’t secure it, I in only my briefs, I strapped on the .45 caliber pistol that I kept in my safe, went below and screamed at everyone there about the banging door and discovered that it was actually the boatswain's mate of the watch who had just let it slam. Everyone on the mess decks looked at me in terror as I drew my pistol and headed up to the bridge. I really freaked out the watch, waving my gun at the OOD, and telling him in no uncertain terms that I didn't want to hear that damn door bang again. After that I returned to my stateroom and laughed to myself like the crazy man I was. The next day the captain told the chief corpsman to keep an eye on me. And that was when the doc and I began our nightly booze sessions, ultimately drinking all of the brandy in the ship's medical locker.

50

A stoner's snack

[I found the following written in barely legible handwriting on a tablet that I used when I was living alone in Valrico. It was from sometime in 1997.] Stoned: looking for a snack but watching calories, so cereal is out. Olives sound good, and a couple slices of summer sausage, perhaps. Or should I have pickled herring instead? What the hell, have some of both. That means I should also have crackers to soak up the herring juice, and who wants crackers without some cream cheese on them? Oh, I almost forgot, I made some guacamole this morning, a new attempt to modify the recipe...I added horseradish! Now I'm washing it all down with a Samuel Adams Honey Lager. Did I mention that I'm really stoned! Deep down I know I'm gonna have some cereal a little latter. (Actually, I had three bowls that night before crashing.)

51

The U.S. flag

I've now reached a point where I almost get sick when I see the U.S. flag. The revulsion I hold for what this nation has become is hard for me to express. Part of me wants to stand and continue to fight, but another part of me cries out to leave this shameful nation. The Woodstock generation and the Viet Nam veterans have much in common. They both shared a moment in time when they were at their best. But we all blew it, lost our nerve, or edge, or energy, or something. We are truly a metaphor for the nation, full of promise yet on the brink of failure.

That said, I must admit that even as disillusioned as I am with the government of this country, a contrasting emotion also arises when I see the Stars and Stripes. That emotion is love. It is love for all of the people who live in this besotted land, and not just the people whom I agree with. I realize that this may sound strange, but for eight years in grammar school we began each morning with a prayer followed by the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Then came my participation

with the Boy Scouts and my service in the military, all of which included honoring the flag. It is hard to let all of that go.

52
We had it all

Our wedding October 3, 1966
Elizabeth Arnold, Lorenzo,
Mary & her Mother, Katie Russel

Fifty years ago today (October 3, 2017) Mary Fogle and I were married. Although we eventually drifted apart, our years when we were in sync were some of the very best years of my life. I wasn't the greatest husband and father, but Mary was the finest wife and mother anyone could ever imagine. . . . Just like Bogey and Bacall, there was a time when we had it all. . . . So, why did I finally file for a divorce? I was just so worn out with all of the financial and other worries that I no longer had the strength to do my part to keep the family together any longer. I blew it.

53
Childhood days

During my grade school years I had very few friends to play with. None of my classmates lived near me so I usually had to entertain myself. The times I remember best are when I would go to Lord's Park or "The Old Cemetery" (The Old Cem) and follow the creek beds through the woods. My memory of those days is now, of course, very dim, but I do remember constructing elaborate fantasies in which I was a Viking or some great explorer finding new lands. Other days I would be an Indian scout, surreptitiously moving through hostile territory.

54

Fatherhood

I was thinking today of how like my father I'm becoming. Then I began to wonder if he thought the same thing. Suddenly I realized that he'd seen his father only once, for a few hours, since his twelfth birthday. He had no image of a father to emulate. I'm only just beginning to realize the depths of my father's suffering.

55

Vocabulary

When I was a senior in college, going to employment interviews, I passed up several interviews in which the companies were looking for people interested in joining the rapidly growing cybernetics field. Thus my poor vocabulary changed my life forever. Even today, I simply love anything to do with computers. What I thought they were talking about back then was actually cryogenics.

56

My chauvinism is showing

One Thanksgiving vacation during my college years, my dad and I went down to Vopners Tavern to have a beer and to buy a couple of cases of beer for my friends who were visiting. As we drank our beer, my father pointed out a woman at the far end of the bar. She could only be described as a blond floozy. I'll never forget my father saying about her, "You know what, kid? She almost became your mother." I've never gotten over the horror of that thought. This was definitely not my image of a mother. It was only 6:00 p.m. and she was already sloppy drunk. At the time I remember thinking how women should not drink, they should stay home, keep house, and NEVER go to a bar. Obviously, my male chauvinism was already well entrenched. Until a few years ago I tried to convince myself that my knee jerk reaction was improper, that women had the right to do whatever men did. And while I still believe that they have the right to do anything men do, I'm no longer sure that it is always a good idea for them to do so.

57

Buying grass

Back when I was living in Valrico, one day I was coming home from Pablo's after picking up two bags of grass, a cop started following me. I've always worried about Pablo being under surveillance, and I'd had a bad feeling about picking up two ounces from him today. The cop followed me for about a mile, and I was sure I'd been busted. My first thought was that it would almost be worth being arrested just to keep experiencing the fantastic adrenaline rush that I was experiencing at the time. I just wondered how long I could maintain it. Fortunately, it was only my paranoia kicking in. He didn't stop me. But I did have a fantastic rush!

58

School was dull

I figure that I sat in classrooms at St. Joe's Grade School for over 10,000 hours, but I can only recall a few moments from a handful of days. Fifth grade is a blank almost. I can't even remember my teacher's name. We were in the tiny classroom in the basement, under the stage, and our only windows were at the top of one wall. The only afternoon I remember from that year is the hot day when I caught several flies and spent the afternoon pulling strings out of my socks and then trying to tie two flies' legs together to see if they could fly in tandem. I can remember thinking that I should be paying better attention in case I got called on, but no one ever noticed my afternoon's occupation. I can still even recall where I was sitting in the room at the time.

59

Wing Park

Those were difficult summer days when I would take the bus to Wing Park and go to the public pool there. We had that little tag sewn on our suits showing that we had an annual pass. Then we'd put our clothes in a wire basket and get a safety pin with a number on it to pin to our suits. I constantly checked my pin, afraid I'd lose it and not be able to get back home. I never spoke to any other kids and

never played with anyone, just hung around in the shallow end feeling bad about myself because I was afraid of the water and couldn't swim. I only went to the pool to please my parents, who thought that I was out joining in children's games. But I wasn't too much of a loner for that, I guess.

These weren't happy, fun-filled days. They were sad. Some days I'd just hang out at the swings or go to the museum and look at the stuffed two-headed calf rather than go to the pool. Then I'd have to get my towel wet with the hose so mother wouldn't wonder why it was dry. We were so broke, and my wonderful parents bought those Summer pool passes for me at great sacrifice. How could I tell them that it was torture for me to go to the pool? My happiest summer during those years was the one when the pool was closed all summer because of the polio scare. By then I had already survived my bout with polio, and so I wasn't scared at all.

60
Dan Fox

My cousin Eddy tried to convince me that Grandpa Fox was a business failure and bad farmer. But then, Ed's mother, Alma, was always rather hateful toward the group she called "the Elgin Foxes." However, I have a very different image of Dan Fox, for I was the fortunate one who got to experience him at his very best, at the pinnacle of his life, being a loving and kindly grandfather. He was 76 years old when I was five, about the same age as I am now :-).

61
Swimming lessons

What a horrible experience it was for me to take those swimming lessons at the YMCA. I can actually recall, vividly recall, that indoor pool, water up to the walls, low ceiling, claustrophobic, nowhere to go, naked, crying ... and looking up and meeting eyes with my dad. Until today I had always felt that I was letting him down, that I was

just a frightened little boy (which I actually was). I didn't want to disappoint him, but I just couldn't master the art of swimming.

However, today I realized that the look in his eyes wasn't disappointment, it was a deep sadness at what I was going through. He was feeling sorry for me and was mad at himself for what he was making me do. At least, that's how I'm going to think about it from here on out. My dad was just trying to give me something that he was deprived of, a close father who helped his son learn to do things that would be of help later in life, like swimming ... something that my father never mastered either. Anyway, I'm a little more at peace today, but I would sure love to be able to talk with my dad about it right now ... which is what I'm doing, I guess.

62

Technological changes

From a technological standpoint, there has been perhaps too much change for me to take in properly. My mother was born in a farm house without electricity or indoor plumbing. The first time my Aunt Anne saw her little sister was shortly after she had been born, and my mother was wrapped in a blanket and placed on the open door of the wood-burning kitchen stove, so that the oven's heat would keep her warm. They didn't get indoor plumbing until after my first memories of trips to the farm begin.

I can still remember having to use the outhouse when we'd go there (to what we now called Ed's farm) for our summer vacation. We had no TV until I was 10 years old, and that was a little 10" round, black and white set. Like others, we tried to use a hokey overlay of some kind to give a color tint to the actors, but it didn't even come close to working.

The wooden cabinet holding the little screen was very big, as in HUGE. It was a really big deal when the networks first began broadcasting in color. It took our family more than eight years after the introduction of color TV for us to get one ourselves. These things are all very much a part of my core personhood. So streaming a

movie in HD over a hand-held phone, jet travel around the world, the Internet, and the rest of today's world is kind of hard to fit into a head that still remembers what it was like in the "old days."

Of course, all one has to do is to travel to any of hundreds of destinations where one may find millions of people who are still living in a very low-tech world. Some kind of strange new bifurcation of our species seems to be underway. . . . I'm glad I'll be out of here before the end result actually becomes clear, as I like both paths and wouldn't want to have to choose between them, if that's what eventually happens.

63
Irony

When Jim Morrison was at his peak of fame, I was serving under the command of his father in the South China Sea.

64
Maui

I arrived in Lahina for the first time in 1965, and I stayed in the old Pioneer Inn hotel, where Herman Melville and hundreds of other whalers had once stayed. After all, I too had arrived in Hawaii on a square-rigged sailing ship. This was about two years before the first of the Brotherhood of Eternal Love arrived. What would have happened had I arrived in '67 or '68? Probably nothing different. I was too geeky and naive at the time.

But I clearly remember that one magical night on a boat in the Lahina Yacht Harbor, getting drunk with one of the founders of Xerox . . . It was the first time that I learned about this new place on the Coast called Esalen.

65
Handshakes

I shook the hand of Uncle Smity who shook the hand of "Billy the Kid". I also shook hands with Walter King who shook the hands of both Hitler and Mussolini when they presented him with an award as an exemplary Hitler Youth. I knew Walter through Myron

Stolaroff. One night at Walter's apartment, in his still German-tinged accent, he told me (about Hitler and Mussolini), "I could have killed them both . . . but, of course, I was only eight years old at the time."

66
Stoned at work

I remember that time (one of many times) when I put a bunch of pot in between two large, greasy peanut butter cookies from the vending machine at GTE and got REALLY stoned at work. Then there was the day when we had a department lunch. I was stoned out of my mind and told everyone that I was so happy being among this Confederacy of Dunces. That almost got me fired, but I actually meant it as a compliment.

67
Holiday fun and sadness

I clearly remember Christmas night in 1963. I flew out of O'Hare on Christmas evening for the parties that were underway at the Houston Yacht Club. I even have a picture that I took of my folks and Miguel from the plane as we backed out. In a few hours I was in Houston.

The Bell's picked me up, and it was the best party of my life up to that point. Now I'm sure that my dad (and maybe even mom, although I doubt it) liked to brag about his son and the rich yacht club people, but I'm sure that his heart must have been broken. That was the beginning of the end of our family. As I sit here and think about the three of them returning in the darkness and sooty snow to a dull and dreary Elgin, well, my heart weeps, my heart weeps, and I curse myself for being so thoughtless and selfish. I would give everything I own right now if only I could have one minute to tell my parents and Miguel how deeply sorry I am for having abandoned them that winter day in Chicago.

68

Viet Nam

I think it was during the period when I was living in Hawaii, working as a stunt man in the movies, that I first heard of Viet Nam. I'm sure that it was background noise in my life sometime before that summer of 1965, but I have no conscious memory of it. I do clearly remember, however, one afternoon, sitting around Mama San's on the Ali Wai channel that the discussion turned to this new war that Lyndon Johnson was committing us to. And I remember thinking that it was surely someone else's problem. There was no way I was going to get involved in something like that.

69

Navy rituals

I miss the ritual of the Navy, like changing the watch: "This is Mr. Bittle, Mr. Hagerty has the deck and the conn." "This is Mr. Hagerty, I have the deck and the conn." ... man, what a trip that was, and what I wouldn't give to conn a destroyer out of Hong Kong harbor just one more time.

70

Men belong on ships

I guess one of my most intense life experiences took place during the last 24 hours that I spent in Hong Kong. We had just finished our deployment to Viet Nam, and for the first time in a year I actually felt as if I would live to see the birth of my child in January. But just after breakfast a message came in from the U.S. Red Cross informing me that my father had suffered a near-fatal heart attack and was in intensive care. The news almost brought me to my knees. I was devastated. Our captain, recognizing my distress did something that I still can't believe. He selected me, the junior officer of the deck and in the midst of a personal crisis, to take our ship out of Hong Kong harbor. I can still hear his voice saying, "This is the captain, Mr. Hagerty has the deck and the conn." What an unbelievable thrill it was for me to conn the USS Hopewell (DD-681) out of Hong Kong harbor in December of 1967.

The Hopewell was the survivor of many battles in the Pacific during World War Two, where my father was serving at the time. My eyes even well up right now, thinking about how proud I was to have done such a good job of navigating our ship through the crowded port of Hong Kong.

Little did I know at the time that before we would reach the shores of California we would survive one of the most treacherous typhoons to hit the Western Pacific since World War Two. Even more exciting and frightening, my daughter Kelly would be born a month prematurely before I reached the West Coast once again. The telegram announcing her birth only said that Mary was doing fine. It didn't mention the fact that Kelly was struggling desperately to live.

As terrified as I was much of the time that I was at sea, I was never more alive than when out of the sight of land. ***Men belong on ships, and ships belong at sea.***

71

A lonely world

I just realized why it is that I feel so lonely now that Miguel has died. I was looking at my dad's wooden box containing the arrowheads that he collected as a boy. Each of those stone arrowheads has a story that our dad told us. He had also collected a large, perfectly formed and very ancient spear head. Few people can understand how precious that object is to me on so many levels. And to keep it from disappearing once I am dead, I gave it to Mateo who has taken it to the jungle many times and who keeps it with him during ayahuasca ceremonies. In a way that helps me to feel that my dad still has a connection to this lovely little planet that we have shared with countless other souls who are all now dead and gone, mostly forgotten.

And now that Mike has died there is no one left with whom I can reminisce about such things. But then, how is that any different than me being interested primarily in my own story. Ultimately, it's the

same for all of us. We are alone in a lonely world, but if you truly like who you have become, then that's not all that bad.

72

Pink Floyd

Memories of that Pink Floyd concert in the old Tampa stadium. I was on acid, and somehow Jane and I got really good seats. (I think that we slept out overnight in line to get them.) I clearly remember one moment during a David Gilmore riff how I thought that this was our generation's Bach or Mozart. The music was truly sublime for me that night.

73

The day the music died

I've been listening to Don McLean sing "American Pie" and thinking about where I was when I heard the news that Buddy Holly died. I was in our living room at 906 North Main Street in Rochelle, Illinois. I can still remember the bleak winter light outside and the piano near the stairs that seemed to have lost its music. I felt desolate. A big part of my teenage innocence died that day, my hope, my trust in the future. I can't even find the words to express the sense of loss we all felt that day, the day the music died. I was 17 years old. Today there is no one left that I knew back then, at least no one that I'm still in contact with. My generation's day has passed. Our time is over. And yet, what a long strange trip it continues to be.

74

The Great Smoky Mountains

The Platters' version of "My Prayer" was the first significant song of my emergence into adolescence. I can VIVIDLY recall the scene. It was the Summer of 1956, just after my graduation from grade school. We were on vacation in that old gray Chrysler that dad had borrowed from Aunt Anne (I still have one of the two green chests that we placed between the front and back seat).

We were within an hour or so from the Derris Motel, and on the radio came "My Prayer." I remember leaning forward, sitting on the chest, and closing my eyes as I listened to that song. God, I wanted a girlfriend so badly just then. That was our last summer in the Smokies until Mary and the kids and I met my parents there many years later. That was also the summer when the rich girls from Mississippi drove me around Cades Cove in their convertible.

Larry, Ruth, and Mike in the Great Smoky Mountains

I was so torn with a desire to have a girlfriend that it was almost painful. Of course, in my later years I would discover that actually having a girlfriend was even more painful. Yet, that moment in time is still so very fresh in my mind. It is as if I'm there in that old car right now, with the mountains coming into view and "My Prayer" on the radio and my whole life yet to live. My god, what have I allowed to happen to my life since then? And why?

75

Crystal radios

I wonder if kids ever build crystal radio sets any more. In fact, I wonder if they even know what they are. In the early days of radio these sets were about the only kind of radio that poor people could afford. Crystal radios didn't need batteries and they didn't need to be plugged in. Their power came only from the radio waves that were picked up by a wire antenna. The heart of these radios were galena crystals, and it still seems like magic to me that these flimsy little contraptions could pull music and talking from out of the air. I clearly remember building my radio and my dad showing me how to put the earphone into a teakettle to amplify the sound so everyone in the room could hear.

That was the first technology to make an impression on me. It amazed me to no end. Sadly, I don't see young children today as impressed with a Web-phone as I was with a crystal radio set.

76

Summer daze

I like to remember those summer days when I'd spend the whole day messing around the banks of the Fox River down by the old Elgin Watch Company. And again up by the creek that wandered through Lord's Park. All alone, just exploring and dreaming. Ah, I wonder what it was that I dreamed of back then? Lazy summer days.

The Elgin Watch Factory on the Fox River near my home.

77

The constant dread of war

I wonder how much of my grasping to taste all of life, to "get it while you can," comes from the fact that my college years fell during the Berlin crisis, the building of the wall, and the Cuban Missile Crisis? I can still vividly remember the spring of my senior year in high school, praying for the war to hold off just long enough for me to have one semester at Notre Dame. Then, in the Fall of my junior year, I remember thinking that I had already enjoyed two years at ND so it didn't seem right to pray once again for yet another postponement of the war. So, "what the fuck," I said to myself, "I might as well enjoy this life because it's almost over." I don't think that I ever completely got out of that mind-set.

78

Confession day

When I was in Catholic school every Saturday was "Confession Day." We were expected to stop by the church and go to confession.

I seldom did, but when my mother asked I always lied and said that I had. And so sin began to pile upon sin until their weight crushed any and all religious spirit from my bones.

79
Always a sailor

One World War Two memory is on the train to Mankato, MN to visit Sister Daniella who was recovering from TB. My mother and Anne and I were about the only civilians on the train. Everyone else was Navy and Army, in uniform. I carried my little sailor hat from car to car for hours, telling everyone that my dad was in the Navy, and I collected about forty dollars in change. It was an all night ride.

Little Larry

Then a night or so after we arrived we were walking outside a chapel and Sister Danny told me to whisper and not make any noise because they were praying inside. Then the music reached us and I pointed out that they weren't praying, they were singing Bell Bottom Trousers, which I already knew quite well. I must have been around three years old then, yet I remember this scene quite vividly.

80
Steam trains

I just had a VIVID flashback to standing on the platform at the old Elgin train station at National Street. It was Christmas season, and my Aunt Anne was taking me into Chicago to see the window decorations at Marshall Field's. I was only ten years old at the time. We were standing close to the engine, so close that I could touch it if I wanted to. Then the engine's steam release valve in the wheel pistons let loose, and we were all enveloped in this warm, very damp, cloud of steam. It was such a welcome relief from the chill in the air, and there were pockets of snow in the pile of coal next to the tracks. I can even smell the steam's oily scent.

81

Homeless in Elgin

I can remember the times when what were then called '*tramps*' would come by the back door of our Villa Street house on hot summer days, asking for some food. They would usually just stand at the bottom of the outside stairs and call into our kitchen, very politely asking if they could do a little work in exchange for some food. My mother always had them come into the kitchen and eat. Then she would give them a bag with more food in it to take with them. It didn't happen very often, but it was always interesting to us little kids when it did happen.

The back door of the Villa Street house

82

Unhappy college days

I was miserable my entire first year of college due to Joanne. She dropped out at Christmas time of our first semester and began dating Wesley. Money seeks money. Now that I think of it, my romantic problems pretty much ruined my entire college experience. No love, no money, and the draft staring me in the face. I envied the artists and literature majors, but I had to get an engineering degree so as to get a defense job and avoid the draft. I really disliked studying engineering ... wound up in the military after all.

83

Veterans

Although I am very proud of my service to my country as a combatant in Viet Nam, I have greater admiration for those who, for reasons of conscience, did not serve. And, of course, I now have an intense dislike for what this country has become. Yet I am most proud, more proud than I am of anything else that I have ever done, of the fact that I served with honor with the U.S. Navy in Viet Nam. No wonder I'm so fucked up. It saddens me to know that my children and grandchildren will never know, never understand, never even

care, what the American war in Viet Nam was all about, or what it did to us. All of us who lived through it, friends, families, protesters, service men and women; it remains the central theme of our lives . . . and no one knows, except another Viet Nam vet. They know.

84

We ordinary people

The greatest gift my father gave me is that he taught my brother and me to be "one of the common people," that I wasn't somewhere above the great mass of humanity, even to the extent of having me walk past St. Mary's (the rich people's school) and go to St. Joe's with the poor people. I'm not sure that I've been able to pass this gift along to my own children. For many years, in fact, I did my best to make the world believe that our family was a cut above the rest. Bad move. I should have listened more closely to my dad.

85

Visas

When I went to Mexico for the first time in 1961, Jim Rice and I had to first drive into Chicago and go to the Mexican Consulate to get our visas.

86

Women

Don't ask me how I feel about women serving in combat roles in the military. I was at Notre Dame when they had the largest turnout for a student election in their history when we voted to NOT allow girls from Saint Mary's on the ND cheer leading team. We were true "Notre Dame Men" who didn't need to have any women helping us. However, now that I have four granddaughters, my thinking about the roles of women has been evolving at a rapid pace.

87

High school trip

For my high school senior trip we took the train from Chicago to New York City, then on to Washington, D.C., then back to Chicago, where we caught a bus back to Rochelle. In New York we stayed at

the New Yorker Hotel, the last home of Nicola Tesla. We also took a horse carriage ride through Central Park at night, and we got chased by a gang after drinking bitter coffee in a beatnik poetry club.

88

Balboa Hospital

I was in Balboa Naval Hospital in San Diego during the Viet Nam War, but not for a war injury. I had a ruptured appendix. When I first arrived at the hospital, a Catholic priest gave me the "last rites" just before my surgery. My short story titled "The Gurneyman" happened when I was in Balboa Hospital. I wrote it in 1967 while I was on the Hopewell, off the coast of Viet Nam.

89

Undecided

I was so conflicted for most of my life, always with one foot in my parents' world of conformity and one foot in my brother's world of social change. I once seriously considered the priesthood, particularly in a closed monastery, maybe even a Trappist. There was much about a life like that which in some strange and quiet way appealed to me. And then I also wanted to be in the Navy. There were times ("right hard rudder and all ahead flank") when I dearly loved what I got to do while in the Navy. And, of course, there was the life of a professional sailor/stunt man, not to mention lawyer, businessman, motivational speaker, corporate geek, and psychedelic podfather. I loved each and every one of those people who I was at the time. The question, of course, is who am I now . . . better yet, who am ***I***. . . at my core?

90

Superstitions

I remember that at St. Joe's, when I was probably around 7 or 8 years old, "OUR church," out of the three Catholic churches in Elgin, was the only one that was given a relic of the TRUE CROSS. It was just a splinter of wood, inside a round container whose sides were gold and whose top and bottom were glass. It was obviously a fake, but we sure did worship it, and kiss it, and make over it with all

kinds of rituals. For an impressionable young mind that left a deep imprint/scar.

Little Larry in first grade
forth from right in front row

91

Drunken phone calls

Then there was the time after the 1973 Sugar Bowl football game when I called Larry Kavanagh around 3 a.m. his time and convinced him that I was actually Ara Parsigian, the winning Notre Dame coach. I went on like the drunken jerk that I was at the moment, and I finally got him as wound up about the victory as I was. Then I said, "Put Judy on the phone." It was then that he told me that I had the wrong number, but that he was so excited to talk to the Notre Dame coach that he didn't want to tell me right away. To this day there's some old Virginia farmer that tells the tale of the call from the drunken Notre Dame football coach.

92

Oh fudge

One night, when I was a Cub Scout, so I must've been eight or nine years old, I guess, I was making a batch of fudge for treats for the next afternoon's den meeting. It was my mother's special recipe with a lot of expensive ingredients that we usually only bought for very special occasions. This was my first time to ever get to make it

on my own. So the whole family gathered around as I carefully lifted it out of the hot oven, brushed my hand against the oven wall, jumped and dropped the pan of hot fudge on the floor, where the glass dish shattered. All I could say was "Oh fudge. Oh fudge. Oh fudge", over and over again. From then on that's what everyone in the family always said instead of Oh Fuck. But I can tell you that sure as shit if you ever heard one of us say Oh fudge you know damn well that inside we were saying OH FUCK!!!!

93

Speeding

Then there was the time when I got a speeding ticket in St. Martinville parish when I was driving my MK IV to see Billy Brown in Biloxi. I had recently poured out a whole bottle of MDMA along with some 2C-B on a towel in the trunk and was tripping big time on 2C-B (Eve). Why I didn't get arrested and put in jail for a few years I'll never know. But it was an extremely close call.

94

Killer Joe

I remember the party at Killer Joe Kawasaki's apartment in Chicago, over a tavern. One wall had a a life-size poster of Killer Joe in his wrestling costume (who I saw wrestle at an event with my dad). It was during the Timmy Angston Regatta at Chicago Yacht Club, and my date brought what seemed to be rocks covered with powered sugar. She said they were cookies, and she never stopped talking. Interesting night. My time with the Notre Dame sailing team was, without any doubt, the highlight of my college days.

That Thanksgiving week regatta was also the time when the sailing team would stay at my parents' house in Elgin and commute into Chicago for the sailboat races. Our girlfriends would stay three blocks away at Aunt Anne's house, and in the evenings we would all gather around to sing while my mother played the piano. One of my friends stole an empty beer keg, and that was what my mother used as a piano stool. She was really great about going along with our craziness.

95
Rindy

I wrote this verse when I was living in Valrico, Florida with Jane Davis who inspired this little poem. I featured her as "Rindy"in *The Genesis Generation*.

The Horsewoman

Jane 'Rindy' Davis

The horizon spreads before me
Unbroken, peaceful and still
A small cloud appears in the distance
I try to disperse it with my will

Why does that cloud disturb me so?
I have known all my life it was there
Yet, as I see it approaching
My soul begins to despair

For I know it is no ordinary cloud
But one of which I must take heed
A great cloud, a dusty cloud
Kicked up by the hooves of her steed

Transfixed, I watch as she approaches
Galloping across the plain
No saddle, no bridle, she rides naked
The mare's hair her only rein

Oh, how I love so to watch her
I always knew one day she would come
Such beauty, such wisdom, such purpose
She carries with her my freedom

The thunder increases, the hooves draw close
The air fills with animal cries
Suddenly there is silence
And I look straight into her eyes

The eyes draw me in, black holes filled with truth
Terrifying, yet beautiful, oval and green

More wondrous and joyful
Than any I have seen

No! I tell her. I am not ready to go
In spite of my troubles, my sorrow and strife
I will fight you forever
And hold on to this life

Her voice overwhelms me
Her words hold the key
As I listen she tells me
"Never before have you met one like me

"I have come here to take you
To ride free on the plain
Just leave all behind you
And with me you will remain

"Let go of those possessions
You have collected since a boy
And I will show you the ultimate
Meaning of joy."

I cry out in surrender
Oh Death, I am yours
My soul now is ready
For your spinning doors

A sad smile she gives me
As with her I lay
And then I see heaven
As I hear her say

"Death! Oh, you poor spirit
How lost you must be
For I am the spirit
Of life lived free."

96

Stoics

You know, whenever I look back at my life, no matter what age I was, I experience an almost overpowering sadness because I always seem to wish that I was the person back then that I am right now. I'd give all my physical possessions just to have an hour with my Aunt Anne to tell her how much I love her. But back when she was still alive I didn't have the social skills required to do something like that. We were raised to be a bunch of stoics, I'm afraid, and we were probably all suffering inside.

97

Buttering toast

If you want your family to remember you, then find some common task and do it exceptionally well. In my mother's case, it was buttering toast. Nobody ever did it better, and I think of her every time I butter my toast.

98

Changing professions

I have never admitted it before, but I've always felt guilty about quitting the law and letting my hair grow long just before my father died. Could he see me from his death bed? What did he think about my appearance? And what did he think about me changing professions from lawyer to salesman? Did that contribute to his early demise? I will never know. These questions have haunted me for years. Someday I must deal with them.

99

VJ Day

One of my earliest memories is of VJ Day. My mother and I were in Anne's 1932 Ford as she drove through downtown Elgin in what must have been an impromptu parade.

There were crowds lining every street. I think the entire town must have turned out for the celebration. What I remember most, however, happened in front of Moseman's Stationery Store.

Mother and Anne had put a pile of old newspapers in the back seat where I was sitting by myself (mother was in front with Anne driving). Apparently people were shredding papers and throwing this homemade confetti out of their car windows. Anne said, "Larry, throw some paper out the window." So I picked up the whole stack of papers next to me and tossed them out the window. I have little recollection of the actual celebration. I mostly remember them laughing at me for throwing the papers out the window.

Little Larry pretending to drive Aunt Anne's old Ford

100
Lazy Sundays

[I found the following written on a scrap of paper in one of my boxes. It was written during the time that I lived alone in Valrico.]

I love these lazy Sundays. No doubt, in a few years I'll look back on these days as the best of my life. Get up around 7:30 am, take the dog for a ride in the country, pick up a paper, come home and do a Xanax, have a pot of coffee while reading the paper, smoke some grass and drink a little wine while watching the Star Wars Trilogy, take some speed and then smoke more dope while cooking a nice dinner and having a few scotch and sodas then dropping another half a Xanax. I guess the only thing bad about daze like these is that it's really hard to remember them.

101
Our basement

Looking through some pictures of our Villa Street house. Many memories . . . too many. Yet the picture that causes the most emotion to well up is one of Miguel when he was around ten or so.

He's in a parka, covered with snow and is in the basement of the Villa Street house holding the snow blower, also covered in snow. The dart board is on the door leading to the outside stairs. The old step ladder is there leaning against the open door of the coal bin. I can still smell the coal. The old red handled coal shovel that we later used for snow is leaning against the wall. What great memories I have of that basement!

Mike Hagerty
in the Villa Street basement

102
Cigars

When I was traveling as a motivational speaker I would always stop on my way to Chicago and visit Ed on his farm, the farm Grandpa Fox homesteaded. Ed and I would go out to the barn, or sometimes to the tavern, and have a cigar. What a great memory of a wonderful man. I'd sure like to have a cigar right now.

103
Another perfect moment

My dream house on Seffner-Valrico Road. Can’t remember the occasion, but Bill and Kelly were there and so was John Tobia. Mary cooked a terrific meal (with my help, but I can no longer remember what I made besides the salad). Everyone was happy and singing, playing pool, the dining table looked as if it came out of House Beautiful. I, of course, was totally ripped on X and a small boost of 2C-B. If only communal life could be like that every day. A perfect moment.

104
When we were at our best

While almost everyone involved hated the American War in Viet Nam, it is not uncommon to hear, or say, "I loved it over there. That was the time I was at my best."

Lorenzo doing a little TAD on a Swift Boat off the coast of Viet Nam

Why did we love it? At the time, we at least thought we were doing something important. Even though we knew how fucked up the war was, we still had the blind hope that we were doing something that in some strange way would make the world better. Like all stupid sheeple, many of us believed that "our war" really was the war that would end all wars. The slaughter in Iraq showed us how naive that thought was.

Were we at our best over there? Yes, I think so. And that may be the heart of our problem today. We at least found out what we were truly capable of. We survived under fire. When we came home, the challenges looked puny to us, and so we slacked off. We were unable to translate the edge we had in Viet Nam into an edge to carry us through everyday living. We were at our best, then we came home and found no challenge worthy of keeping us at our best. And no one understood. There was no one to talk to. Since then, we have been disappointed in what we have accomplished, no matter how great or how small. Never again did we do our best, because we learned the hard way that a fucked-up nation could care less about you, even when you are at your best. Warriors are simply human ***resources***.

105
Killed by mistake

My heart stopped that night as I watched the final episode of "China Beach." There was a scene in which a dying soldier wrote a letter home and said, "I've done something bad. I killed an old man by mistake." How strange that my own worst nightmare would be verbalized on TV. What I wouldn't give to return that old man to life.

106
Driving

I first drove a car on a visit to uncle Ed's farm when I was still in grade school. Before that I began driving one of Ed's tractors when I was under 10 years old.

He would put me in an open field across from the farm house. Ed would put the tractor in gear, let out the clutch, and then he would jump off and tell me to be sure to turn before I got to the ditch on either end of the field. I would sit on that old tractor, moving the accelerator lever fast and slow, and pretend that I was driving a formula one car. I spent many hours doing that.

Saint Boniface church and school as seen from Ed's farm

Then, when I was around 12 or 13 they would also let me drive the car from Ed's house to Peg's house in Ivesdale. The road in front of Ed's farm was all gravel, but the first road to the North, where we turned to go to Peg's, was what they called a "slab road". What that meant was that one side of the road was paved in cement, and the other side was left as dirt or gravel. There never was a lot of traffic on those roads, which criss-crossed much of Southern Illinois farmland. So we would drive on the cement side

until we met another car coming our way. If we were on the cement, and we were on the right hand side of the road, we just kept going, and the car coming our way, also on the cement, would pull into the dirt lane so that we could pass. If we were on the cement but we were on the left side when another car came our way we were the one who had to pull over. That was where I learned how to ease a moving car off of a paved road without flipping it over or otherwise losing control.

107

War stories

Growing up I spent many evenings listening when some of my dad's war buddies would come to our house, sit in the kitchen, drink beer, and tell war stories. I heard so many of them that it felt as if I'd been in that war myself.

And then there were the stories told by Bates, my godfather. Bates had been in the Great War (World War One) and was part of the division who, during the famous Xmas truce, went into no-man's land and played Pinochle with their enemies. Then they went back and shot at one another. Even as a kid I could see how insane that was. It was probably the beginning of my current anti-war position.

108

Meaningless junk

I was just looking at the little wooden box on my desk in which I keep my pencils and pens, along with my dad's compass from his workshop and a steel letter opener branded "National of Hartford"; the box, too, has a National logo painted on it. This little box, the compass, and the letter opener are very precious to me, but I just realized that they will most likely all be discarded once I die. Even if I told someone about their significance to me, without having had a personal encounter with my dad they really wouldn't hold any charm at all. No, I am the only person on Earth who knows the history of that little object, and when I'm gone it too will be gone from human memory. And that is the same for all of these precious little gems

that I've been carting around all of my life. Meaningless junk to all but me. Are you any different?

109

Imaginary friends

I've watched "The Big Chill" more than any other movie. And I just realized that the reason I like it so much is that the characters in it have become my imaginary friends. Never in my life have I had close friends like that. That is the group of friends I wish I had. The closest I came was with Ray and Edie Bell, but we were generations apart. In my own generation I've never had a close and lasting friend .... it's been a lonely trip.

110

A long strange trip

I was just thinking what a long strange trip this has been. I still remember the day that our "egg man," Farmer Mike, stopped by with several dozen fresh eggs for us, as he did every other Friday, when we were living up on the hill. Marycie left to pick up the CSA box and to deliver some eggs to the kids, and so I took a break and soft-boiled two fresh eggs (using Grandpa Fox's method for perfection every time). As I sat at our dining table, looking out the windows and glass doors overlooking what is perhaps the single most beautiful view in all of San Diego County, eating two freshly delivered eggs, on my Pandora feed came the song "House of the Risin' Sun." Suddenly I telescopically time-traveled to the basement of my boyhood home where I had built the big globe for my freshman science fair. That was where I played that song, over and over, on our foot-pumped player piano, learning the words as the piano scroll wound past the air holes for each note.

Then my mind shot forward to our living room where I was playing it myself on my mother's piano as the family sing along. Next I was in my college dorm room, in the basement of Sorin Hall, right under the tower nearest to the church, teaching myself to play the guitar with that song. There were many, many more such memories that flashed by in what must have only been an instant.

And then, there I was, sitting at my own table, overlooking a valley of expensive homes that spread two miles or so to the Pacific, and where each night I watch the sun set. What an incredible place to find myself in, and what an amazing, wonderful, but long and strange trip it has been to arrive here.

111

Baby Face Nelson

My dad told me many stories about the bootleg days in Chicago. At that time, he drove a delivery truck for Coke. One time, I can't quite remember where it was, but somewhere around Elgin (I think it was in Barrington) he was delivering Coke to a gas station when the FBI surrounded Baby Face Nelson and he watched the shootout from underneath his truck.

112

The Four Horsemen

One of the most famous of all Notre Dame stories begins: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore their names are Death, Destruction, Pestilence, and Famine. But those are aliases. Their real names are: Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden."

I grew up hearing that legend. It was one of my dad's favorite stories. So he was almost as excited as I was when we learned that the daughter of one of the women who worked for him at Penney's was going to marry Elmer Layden's son. My dad and mom were invited to the wedding, which was to be held at St. Joe's Church, and I was asked to be one of the altar boys.

Larry the altar boy at the Layden wedding

There are three things that I remember most about that wedding: 1) My dad always taught me that when I shook hands

with someone I should have a firm grip and look them right in the eye. So when Elmer Layden, my boyhood hero, came back to the sacristy before mass to meet the priest and altar boys. I looked him in the eye and gave him my firmest grip. He obviously sensed that I was trying to impress him with my handshake, and so he gave me the firmest, hardest, handshake of my life. It felt like he had steel hands, and I told all of my classmates that story for a long time.

2) Layden also gave each of us altar boys $20, which was a HUGE sum back then. Its equivalent in 2017 would be over $150!

3) But what I remember most about that day is when the couple was kneeling before the priest and reciting their vows, I was standing directly in front of the bride, who had the lowest cut gown that I'd ever seen. And with my angle above her, I could see almost her entire breasts. For a 12-year-old, it became the then-most erotic moment of my life.

Later, after mass and we were back in the sacristy, the priest grinned at me and said, "By the way, Larry, I noticed you looking down the bride's dress. You might want to mention what you were thinking the next time you go to confession." A year later I passed by that hallowed spot after receiving my 8th grade graduation diploma, and as I walked down those steps I couldn't help but remember what a wonderful sight I had once seen in that very spot.

113

The meaning of life

It took me over 30 years after the experience, but I never quit trying to recall the insight I had that morning in the Volusia Diner. I was still kinda high on acid, and I had this pure-mystical moment when I FULLY understood the meaning of life. It was so profound that I didn't even make any notes at the time. But an hour later, when I was back at work and tried to write about the experience, all I was able to write down was "I found the meaning of life in the Volusia Diner." ... But just now I realized that the physical impression I had at the time was EXACTLY the meaning of life. And it was a friendly,

as if they really cared about each other's words, exchange between an old waitress and an old biker. It was just small talk but in a way they showed one another that they understood the unstated difficulties they each were having, and they'd make it out OK. Empathy, that's the meaning of life, my boy!

114
McDonald's

I can actually remember riding my bike to the McDonald's store at the end of Gifford Street in Elgin to watch them put up a sign that read, "Over 1,000,000 Sold." I think that was one of the first 10 of their stores, and a photo of them putting up the sign was the main feature of the Elgin Daily Courier News that day. I was so proud to have witnessed some history that actually made the papers.

115
'57 Chevys

Emotions are what bring back the clearest memories. Just now I saw a photo that included a 1957 Chevy, and instantly I was back standing at the top of the hill outside of St. Edwards High School in Elgin and looking at the two '57 Chevy convertibles (turquoise) that the brother and sister twins a year older than me were driving away in . . . a recent birthday present. And the intense emotions of want, longing, despair at being poor and left out of the American dream, all came flooding back to me. But it was the EMOTION, the very intense emotion of that moment is what I think caused the scene to flash before me as if I was actually there. It was powerful. Perhaps the more powerful the emotion of a moment the better we are able to bring it back later.

The other emotion that I experienced when thinking about that high school hill was the time that, after our science fair was over, some friends and I took the giant globe that was the centerpiece of the

Globe that I built for the science fair - player piano in the background

fair, lit it on fire, and then we rolled it down that hill. I built it myself out of paper mache near the player piano in our Villa Street basement. I always thought that I did a very good job drawing the continents. For me, seeing it roll down the hill on fire was an interesting foreshadowing of our world today.

116
Big Ben

What do you think of whenever you see Big Ben on television or in a photo? Although I've seen it in person several times, it is the last time that I saw it that I remember best. That's because my son Dan was with me then. We were on our way back to Florida after two weeks in Ireland to celebrate Dan's graduation from high school. By then I was almost out of money, but during a very long layover at Heathrow Airport, we took a brief taxi ride through parts of London. The taxi stopped near Big Ben, and Dan and I got out and looked up at it like the tourists we were. I'm not sure why, but it became a magical memory for me, and every time I see that famous clock I think of Dan.

117
The root beer stand

The first swallow of some root beer, after not tasting it for a year or more, brings back (in vivid detail) the root beer stand in Elgin on a hot summer night, with the little metal tray and the folding arm underneath that I always worried would slip and let our drinks fall before we got them. It was owned and operated by my dad's friend, Herb Klingberg. Before he bought the root beer stand he owned the caramel-corn shop on the opposite side of the block that I grew up on.

Lorenzo in Hue, Viet Nam

118
French Indochina

In the summer of 1999, when Marycie and I were in Hue, we stayed in a remarkable hotel. Technically, the hotel consists of a

three-story high central hub with two spokes, one at ten o'clock and one at two o'clock, the spokes being the wings of the hotel. But that isn't how it appeared to me as we drove into the circular driveway leading to the entrance porch. The image that comes to mind is one of a tall, elegant woman wearing a beautiful yellow cape. And she is spreading out her arms in an all encompassing way, stretching them out toward the Perfume River near whose banks she stands.

As we walked into the reception area just inside the front door, I felt something very compelling and at the same time ominous about this historic old building. Originally, it was the colonial governor's residence during the period when this land was called French Indochina. Perhaps I felt the negative vibe because the place was so overly ostentatious, with touches like the large elephant tusks that dominated the entrance to the sitting room. It was as if a thick cloud of dusty memories forced us to move in slow motion as we left the reception desk, walked past the elephant tusks, and went down two small steps and into the large oval sitting room that dominated the ground floor. [The above is from Chapter 4 of *The Genesis Generation*.]

119

Trieste & Whitesands

One day, while we were on station for the Scorpion search, I climbed the mast on the Apache and took some photos. One of them was of the Whitesands with Trieste in the well-dock.

USS White Sands with Trieste III in the well - on station in the Atlantic

As far as I know, this is the only photo that exists of Trieste and Whitesands docked together at sea. When we went through the Panama Canal (twice)

the Trieste had to be completely covered because the story was that it was the Trieste II, however, it was actually the new Trieste III that we were working with. It wasn't until over 40 years later that we could even mention the fact that it was a new vessel. So that photo I took was classified Top Secret for many years.

120

Viet Nam memories

The "spade man" in the gun mount I was in was supposed to count to 10, but when he got to nine he accidentally ejected a full powder casing and rammed a projectile into the barrel without a powder charge to fire it out. We all quickly jumped out of the gun mount in fear that it was about to explode. . . .Then there was the time when Jimmy Thompson saw a premature explosion on shore and began screaming "We're being shot at!" No one listened to him. . . . Steve Holisinger (find the radar/gun) getting shot at by the guy in the armory below when he accidentally discharged a weapon with an armor-piercing round in it. . . . Russ St. Jean and the night six contacts surrounded us in the fog: "CIC watch officer to the bridge!!!" All vivid memories, none of them "good."

121

Flash bulbs

Today, most cameras have built-in flash attachments, but when I was young the only way to take a flash photo indoors was to use a flash attachment that required a new bulb for each picture. I can remember my dad having one coat pocket filled with new bulbs and another pocket for the used bulbs.

When a flash bulb was fired, they sometimes left a large blister in the plastic coating that surrounded the glass bulbs. But when the flash didn't significantly blister the plastic, we would take those bulbs out to the sidewalk and gently strike them on the concrete to break the glass inside their plastic cover. When all of the glass was broken we would have a clear plastic bulb filled with hundreds of little shards of glass. And when they were shaken they would make music very much like a small maraca. My brother and I would take

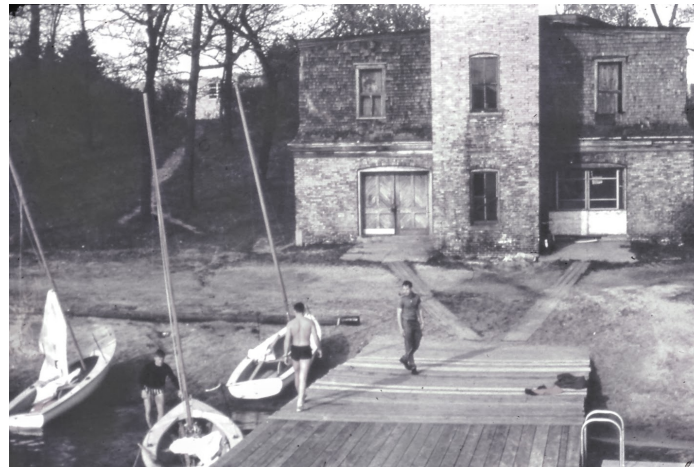
six of them apiece and put them in the cracks of our fingers to give us a more robust sound, each hand having three little shakers in them, and we would then accompany our mother while she played the piano and we all gathered around and sang. That was in the days before we had a television.

122

The sailing team

While on the sailing team at Notre Dame we would travel to different universities on nine weekends in the fall and nine weekends in the spring. And then there was the Midwinter Scheduling Regatta, usually held at the University of Wisconsin in Madison where we could all drink, since the age limit there was 18. I was the team captain in my senior year.

One of the more unusual regattas was the one that Wayne State held in Detroit each year. It was during one of those regatta weekends in Detroit that I stole the "No Standing" street sign from Belle Isle. And it was in Detroit, for some strange reason, that we would always buy a case of Cactus Jack whose bottles we would carry around in brown paper bags (because we claimed that sunlight would spoil it). Cactus Jack was a blend of white wine and tequila and the label featured a drawing of a cactus with a person sleeping in front of it. The person was wearing



The boathouse at Notre Dame

traditional Mexican clothing and his head was covered by a big sombrero that had slid down when he went to sleep. Cactus Jack also had that effect on us gringos.

123

Early days of television

In the 1950s, when we first got a television, most of the programming would go off around nine or ten p.m. And when it went off there would be a test pattern that came on, along with a terrible high pitched tone that reminded you to turn off your set. If I remember correctly, that still was the case with some stations as late as the 1960s.

124

The Museum of Science & Industry

Back in the 1950s, long before digital cameras were around, it was a really big deal to go into Chicago, where the Museum of Science and Industry had a television exhibit. TV was still quite new at that time. There was an exhibit at the museum that had a live TV camera pointed at a spot where people could stand and see themselves on a monitor as well as being on other televisions around the room. The line to stand in front of the camera, and then see yourself on TV, was even longer than the line for the coal mine exhibit. At Christmas time, Anne would take Mike and me into Chicago to shop at Fields and to go to the museum. (To us, the Science and Industry Museum was THE museum in Chicago.) I was probably in fourth or fifth grade when we went into the city and made our television debuts at the museum's exhibit. For weeks afterwards I was the big hero at school, because I was the only one in the entire school who had ever "been on TV."

125

Hot summer nights

Before Ray Bell's legendary boat, the Playmate, was destroyed when a tornado hit the yacht club, one of my favorite things that we would do on a quiet weekday evening was to motor down to Seabrook for dinner. Ray would tie up at the dock of the Jimmy

Walker seafood restaurant and treat everyone aboard to a big meal. Then, with all of us somewhere between being tipsy and drunk, we would make our way back to the yacht club and retire to the Porthole Lounge for more drinks. What wonderful summer nights those were.

126
Katie Russell

I had a long and involved relationship with Katie Russell, however, there was never anything physical between us. I did make one pass at her during my second summer as the sailing instructor at the Houston Yacht Club, when we went out for a moonlight sail one night, but she rejected me, and I never made a pass at her again.

My long-time best friend, Katie Russell

While I was practicing law in Houston, Mary and I would frequently go to Katie's house for dinner. Bill and Ginny Schleuse were often there as well. By the way, it was Ginny who introduced Mary and me. The two of them worked together in the U. of Houston Library, and I knew Ginny from the yacht club. A few hours before I was leaving to spend Christmas with my family in Elgin in 1964, Ginny, Mary, and one other girl stopped by my apartment for a drink . . . much has proceeded from there.

Katie's favorite song was "Poems, and Prayers, and Promises" by John Denver. I sometimes stayed with her after she moved to her boat, Horizon, at the Seabrook basin. In fact, that was where I went the night after I had my first MDMA experience at Judy Womack's on Friday night. It was Katie, who I knew was a recreational drug user, and to whom I went to talk about my first experience.

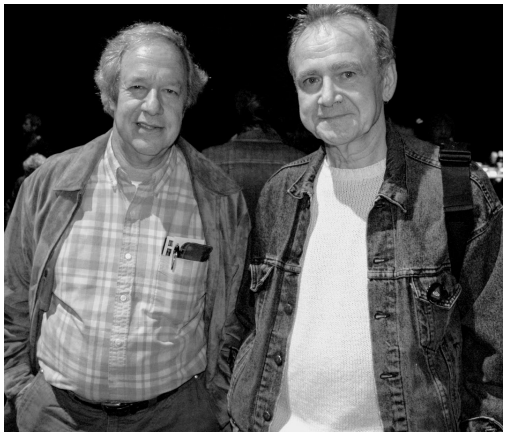
One night, Katie and I drove to a mall so that I could buy the John Denver tape with her favorite song on it. I had never heard it before. On our way home, just after crossing the main intersection of

some tiny town on our way back to her boat, a drunk tried to run across the road in front of us. It was a four lane road, and we were on the far right side when he made his dash from the meridian. Apparently he didn't see the car that was slightly ahead of us on our left. We never saw him begin his run, but the sound his body made as it bounced off the front of the car next to us and then flew over the top of our car is a sound that I will never forget. I tried desperately to get Katie to stop and call an ambulance, because the car that hit him sped away.

Katie refused to stop because of several recent lawsuits where a doctor or nurse stopped to be a Good Samaritan and then were sued because the person they tried to help didn't live. I think there is now a law to protect people who stop to help in an emergency. Hopefully that is so, because that incident put a pall over my friendship with Katie that we never fully repaired before she died of lung cancer, when she was not yet even 40 years old.

127
Delta-9

My last job at GTE (now Verizon) involved giving press conferences about our use of Java technology, and the last press conference that I gave was in New York City. I've seen a video of that event, and if I must say so myself, I was really brilliant. But there's a back story to that event that not many people know about.



Nick Sand (1941 - 2017)
(creator of Orange Sunshine LSD)
and my good friend
Wild Bill Radacinski

I was staying at the Plaza Hotel, and the night before the press conference I went down to 22nd Street to visit Bill Radacinski. We

got quite stoned, so much so that Bill was worried about me getting back to my hotel OK. So he decided to accompany me back to the Plaza. Of course, the fact that I told him I'd left five tabs of acid in my room that he could have probably had something to do with it also.

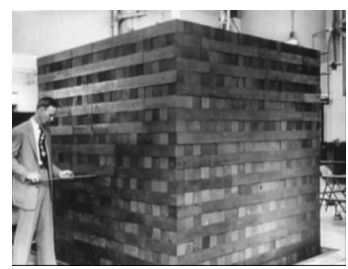
So we go back to the hotel where we did some D-9 to top off the evening. (D-9 is ***extremely*** concentrated THC, think triple-dab.) I gave Bill the acid, which he later told me he accidentally left on the back seat of the cab once he got home. So we lost that precious acid.

The next day I was to go on around 3pm. Naturally, I decided to take some oral D-9 after breakfast so as to have a nice little buzz on during the morning sessions, of which I had no part to play. When I got to the meeting room, my contact from Sun Microsystems, who was the sponsor of the event, was already frantically looking for me to let me know that they had changed the schedule, and now I was to be the first speaker . . . in just a few minutes. On top of that she got me together with the person handling my slide presentation because they wanted me to rearrange my talk a bit.

I have no memory of how I changed things or what I said. In fact, when I finally saw the video recording of my event I was shocked at how lucid I was. It was probably my best press conference ever.

128
Chicago Pile-1

On December 2, 1942, when I was not quite four months old, about 40 miles from my home, the world's first nuclear reactor, Chicago Pile-1 (CP-1), was activated under the stands at Stagg Field. The lead scientist was Enrico Fermi. One of the other scientists who participated in the project was the father of a student of my Aunt Anne's, when she taught in Schamburg.



Enrico Fermi and Chicago Pile-1

Somehow, at a parents' conference she told him that I was about to go to Boy Scout camp and that she was going to buy me some of the equipment that I needed. But he told her she didn't need to, and the next day he brought her a whole bunch of used camping equipment of his that he no longer needed. For the rest of my years in scouting it was his equipment that I proudly used.

129
Foot hair

Whenever my dad wanted me to do something that would "toughen me up" the phrase he used was, "It'll make hair grow on the bottom of your feet." For some reason that never seemed like a good reason for me to do whatever it was that he wanted me to do. After all, who wants hair growing on the bottom of their feet?

130
My pocket knives

To clean my grass and pack my vape, I use both of the pocket knives that Miguel gave me on my last visit to Spain. He'd been promising to get me two just like his, but never got around to it. Shortly before leaving I reminded him that he was going to send me the knives when he got them. Instead he gave me his. The small one he called his "coke knife," as he and Marita used it for that. Now I use both of them several times each day as I prepare my pot . . . and I think of the two of them, quite fondly.

Miguel's pocket knives

131
Hat pins

During my early years, the 1940s, one of my biggest concerns had to do with my mother and Aunt Anne's use of hat pins. Children today most likely don't even know what a hat pin is, but back then

women wore hats everywhere. In fact, it was considered a serious offense for a girl or woman to enter a Catholic church without a hat or scarf on their heads. To keep them from blowing off in the wind, they would use long straight pins, with a fancy top on the non-pointed end, to pin their hats to their hair. My fear was that one day they would stick a pin into their scalp. It never happened, but that didn't prevent me from worrying about it.

132
Uncle Warren's books

I never met my great uncle Warren, but indirectly he had a significant influence on my life. Uncle Warren owned and operated a farm in Huntley, Illinois, not far from Elgin. My grandmother's sister, Marguerite, lived with Warren as a common law wife. And his farm is where my dad and grandmother stayed after her divorce from my grandfather in 1924. That farm is also where my dad found the arrowheads that I mentioned in story 71.

Uncle Warren's father served under General Grant as a Union officer during the Civil War, and he fought at the Battle of Shiloh. After that battle, the victorious Union officers cut down a tree on the battlefield and had canes made out of it for each officer. The canes are topped with a silver handle that was inscribed with the date of the battle and the officer's initials. I still have that cane. It is next to my desk and sits in an empty powder casing that I recovered from the deck of our ship after we fired it while supporting some Marines in Viet Nam.

The main thing about Uncle Warren that influenced me, however, was his love of reading. Aunt Marguerite often told me of how she and Warren would spend each night reading by the light of a kerosene lantern. Often, she said, he would read aloud to her.

When Uncle Warren died, he left the farm to Aunt Marguerite, who used the money to buy the house that my mother and dad were living in during my final years at Notre Dame. It was that house in

which we had several Thanksgiving parties for the Notre Dame sailing team, and it was where my dad was living at the time he died.

Marguerite also inherited Uncle Warren's library, which was quite impressive, particularly for an unschooled farmer. It consisted of almost 1,000 books. Eventually they became mine, and for many years I shipped them from one house to another as my life progressed. Over time I had to donate many of them to libraries. The ones that I still have with me are either of sentimental value from having read them with my dad, or they are rare enough to be somewhat valuable. All of them are now well over 100 years old. I think that in some strange way those old books are what has influenced me to do so much reading. As a child I vowed to read every one of them before I died. If I am going to keep that vow I'll have to live another 75 years or so!

133
The Third Rail

When I was a boy, the commuter train between Elgin and Chicago was just called The Third Rail. I have no idea what the train line was actually called. Unlike the larger steam trains that ran between the two cities, this commuter line ran on electricity. And that electricity came through a third rail that ran between the two rails that the train's wheels rode on. Naturally, the third rail could be lethal if you stepped on it while crossing the tracks.

During the summer, when I would go down to fish on the Fox River not far from our house, there was a place where I had to cross the tracks with its high voltage third rail. As I would leave the Villa Street house, my pole and tackle box in hand, my mother would always say, "Now be careful when you cross the third rail. We don't want you to be electrocuted." Fortunately, I took her advice.

134
Tranquility

Periodically I have these flashes that bring me such peace. They last only an instant and are of some distant memory of a farm on a

cool summer's day. The porch door springs closed, I know by the sound. There is such promise of tranquility. And it is gone just as fast, leaving only a longing in my psyche. If that day ever existed in my reality I do not know. I realize now that I can never reach that reality, for it would require unlearning, forgetting, much of what I now know. How then to create that moment in the future. . . Can it be a future that is calling me, rather than one that is past?

135

Dinner at Notre Dame

During the four years that I attended the University of Notre Dame it was an all-boys school. We actually were boys, but we called ourselves Notre Dame Men! In an attempt to keep a minimum of decorum among this mass of testosterone, the school administrators required all of us to "dress" for the evening meal. What was meant by being properly dressed is that we had to be wearing a jacket, shirt, and tie in order to be admitted to the dining hall.

Somehow, over the years, a tradition arose that called for us to wear ***the same*** coat, shirt, and tie for every evening meal during all four years. Not everyone followed that gross tradition, but the guys that I hung around with all did. I saved that old jacket for several years after graduation, and I was upset when my mother told me that she had thrown it away. Of course, today I am sure glad that I don't have to explain to my grandchildren why I still have an ugly old jacket in my closet, particularly one that no longer fits me. That jacket, for me, had a lot of history attached to it, but it isn't possible for me to explain it to anyone who hadn't also lived through those college experiences. It would be like trying to explain a dream to someone. You really had to be there to appreciate it.

136

Stars

Whenever I hear the names of some stars, like Antares, Sirius, and Betelgeuse, I get a warm feeling. Having lived so intimately

with them for so long at sea, they have become to me old friends. They are animate beings with whom I've conversed.

137
Pirates

Each year Tampa has a month-long Gasparilla festival honoring an imaginary pirate. Think about that for a second. Now, here's the interesting part. The festival begins with an "invasion" by the pirate fleet. Actually, the "fleet" consists of almost all of the city's business elite (all men and mainly white) who pretend to rape and plunder the city; just what they do for real every other day of the year.

138
The Civil War

When I was born the Civil War was only 77 years in the past. Now that I'm in my 75th year, that doesn't seem very far back.

139
The Summer of Love

During the Sixties and Seventies I was still coming to grips with life. It was the beginning for me, yet I had no direction, no more than I do today as a matter of fact. The difference today is that I have some history behind me. The 60s, Hendrix, Janis, Jim; they were us and we were them. The Summer of Love, Kent State, it's now all part of me, and for it I am richer. When my children see clips from that era they cannot feel what I do. To them it is just quaint and marginally interesting history, yet it is only history. For me, it is my life. Of course, for me, the Summer of Love was spent in Viet Nam where I helped to kill people with whom I had no quarrel. So, even living through that history, it was different for all of us.

The Carthaginian as we sailed into Honolulu in 1965

140
The Pacific

I've always been intrigued by whales, even more so after reading Moby Dick in high school. Then I signed on a three masted

barque that was rigged out as a Nantucket whaler. Our skipper was Alan Villiers, who at the time was the most famous sailor alive. Years earlier it was he who skippered the Mayflower II across the Atlantic to where it now is moored in Plymouth, Massachusetts. In the 1930s he became the last captain to skipper a full-rigged ship around the horn from West to East. That ship, the Joseph Conrad, is now berthed in Mystic, Connecticut. I've been aboard them both.

Some day I'll have to tell the story of my Pacific crossing with Captain Villiers. He ran the ship as if we were back in the 19th Century. It was a great experience but not one that I'd want to repeat.

Although I have seen quite a few whales during my various times at sea, the grandest experience of them all was when I was the XO and navigator of the Apache, and we were towing the floating dry dock, the USS White Sands, several hundred miles off the coast of California.

Lorenzo on the USS Apache towing the USS Whitesands into Panama - 1969

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, and I had just finished taking the noon Sun sight when something far ahead of us caught my eye. It looked to me like two huge logs floating directly ahead. So I immediately gave the order to come to starboard. With our tow far behind us, and moving at only about four knots, I knew that we still would be lucky to not hit those logs or get them entangled in our tow line. Fortunately, we began our turn in time, and as we came closer, our forward lookout shouted out that they weren't logs, they were whales!

The timing of our turn couldn't have been better, for we were able to come parallel to them and then steam on alongside these two enormous blue whales who were less than fifty yards off our port side. I left the pilot house and stood out on the bridge to get a better view and discovered that we had come upon a mother and her almost fully grown calf. They were just floating there, enjoying the sun. I don't know how big they actually were, but it seemed as if they were half the length of our ship, with the mother being closest to us.

For a moment, I thought about rushing into the chart house to grab my camera and take a picture of them, but as we came abreast of them, the mother whale and I seemed to lock eyes. I was mesmerized by that giant eye looking straight into mine and was frozen to that spot on the wing of the bridge. That experience was, without any doubt, the greatest moment of all my time at sea.

141
Portugal

Some of my favorite times while working for GTE (now Verizon) was on trips to Lisbon and at the Penha Longa resort in Sintra. It is one of the most exclusive places that I've ever stayed in, but what struck me the first time that I walked into the lobby was the music being played throughout the hotel. At that moment it was a song being sung by Elvis Presley, which seemed completely out of place.

Lorenzo speaking at a conference in London

One of the times I was there we were celebrating a big new contract that the Portuguese phone company had just signed with us. The lead salesman on the project was a friend, and he took me with him and a few key clients to a little club in Lisbon where we drank $300 bottles of port and listened to some of the best and most soulful fado singers that I have ever heard. It was a perfect moment

to be sure. And then there was a restaurant in Lisbon that we entered through a door in a block-long wall of some kind, and it entered into one of the best restaurants that I've ever been to. I still remember many of the features there, but I can no longer recall its name. Somewhere I still have a postcard with a picture of its interior.

142

Decoration Day

When I was a boy, one of our family's traditions was that on Mother's Day we would all go out to the family cemetery and clean up around our ancestors' graves, planting fresh flowers as well. I don't remember exactly whose graves they were, but they were definitely on my dad's side of the family. One may have been Uncle Warren's. Grandma Hagerty and Aunt Marguerite always were in charge. After they both died the tradition continued unabated, as we would then tend to their graves as well. I think that Stella and Emil also came with us. I no longer even know the name of the cemetery, but it was somewhere near Huntley, Illinois, which is the closest little town to Uncle Warren's farm. After we moved to Rochelle in 1957 the tradition ended, but I'm sure that after they moved back to Elgin my parents would occasionally visit those now lonely graves.

143

Kelly's birth

It was around the 20th of December 1967, the day that Kelly was born, when our ship came upon a very large school of dolphins. I can't remember if it was before or after I learned of Kelly's birth, but I feel certain that it was before. I was on the USS Hopewell (DD-681) on our return from the South China Sea. On our way from Taiwan to Midway Island, where we were to refuel, we encountered the most powerful typhoon I've even been in, much stronger than the ones in WestPac. There were several moments when Pete Biddle and I would be sitting in the ward room, hanging on to the table for dear life as the ship rolled from side to side, and we would see the room's inclinometer move past the red line point of no return, linger there for a sickening moment that seemed like an hour, and then slowly,

very, very slowly she would begin to right herself and roll to the other side. It still terrifies me whenever I think about it . . . like right now.

Anyway, we finally made it into Midway and refueled, then on to Hawaii, where we stopped only long enough to take on enough fuel to make it back to San Diego. It was between Hawaii and home that we came upon the dolphins, over a hundred of them. They were playing in our bow wave, which was large because we were steaming home as fast as we could. They stayed with us for almost an hour, jumping out of the water with the sun sparkling on their backs as they dove back into the wave. It was a marvelous experience.

Kelly Anne Hagerty Purol

At dinner on the 20th, I was sitting near the end of the wardroom table, which was a long affair running abeam the ship. I was on the side facing the bow. The XO was at the end on my side, and the captain was at the head of the table. During our meal, as was custom, a radioman came in with the latest messages that had been received in the past hour. The XO always read through them before handing the stack of them to the captain. He stopped on one that was a couple of messages down, looked up at me and said, "Mr. Hagerty, is Kelly a

boy or a girl?" And that is how I learned that Kelly had arrived . . . A MONTH EARLY!!!

It had only been about two weeks earlier, as we were about to leave Hong Kong that a message from the Red Cross arrived that informed me that my dad was in intensive care after having a massive heart attack. It was quite an emotional few weeks at sea for me during that month of December, 1967.

144
Lightnin' Hopkins

One of my favorite experiences during the time that I was in law school was when a friend and I would go down to a club in Houston's Fifth Ward and listen to Lightnin' Hopkins play the blues. He had been one of my favorite guitar maestros ever since listening to him with my dad during the 50s on one of Chicago's early black radio stations. I still consider Hopkins right up there with BB King, and that is saying a lot.

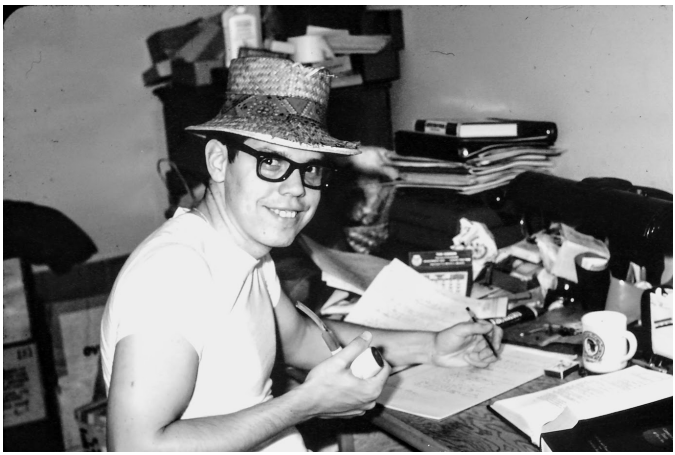
One night, after my friend and I had become known in the little club, which wasn't much of a stretch because we were usually the only white people there, I was sitting at our little table and playing along on two spoons that I had recently learned to play. Noticing what I was doing, Lightnin' invited me to come up on the little stage and join him. I did. After about twenty bars he paused, smiled at me, and said, "Son, you should probably stay in school and practice law, because no matter how much you practice playin' on them spoons you ain't never gonna get rich."

145
Peanut Butter Crunch

After I left active duty with the Navy, we moved back to Houston, where I worked during the day and went to law school at night. I found a job as an electrical engineer with the Thermon Manufacturing Company, which sold electrical heat-tracing systems that were used in refineries to keep the pipes at a set temperature so that the products they were manufacturing would stay in liquid form.

One of my accomplishments while working for them was to introduce the use of a time-share computer to do some of their computations.

My job was to design the heat-tracing system and then go to the job site and supervise the installation of our equipment. One job took me to Boulder, Colorado in the middle of a serious winter storm. We even had arctic gear given to us to wear when outside. That was the trip that convinced me to never move back to the North again.



Lorenzo studying the law circa 1971

My favorite assignment was when I was sent to Iowa to the old Quaker Oats plant where they were having trouble with Cap'n Crunch's new peanut butter flavor. The peanut butter had to be sprayed on the cereal but the lines carrying it to the spraying machine kept clogging up. When they figured out the perfect temperature for the pipes to be maintained they came to us for the heat tracing solution. I designed the system, supervised the building of it, and then went to Cedar Rapids, Iowa to help install it.

It's hard to describe that old plant, but the headline is that it was something out of the previous century. Basically it was just a huge, seven-story old wooden barn. There were no stairs between the floors. Instead they had several large, vertical conveyor belts that ran from the ground floor to the top floor. There were little platforms attached to these belts, and we would hop on one, holding on to one

that was higher up on the belt, and then we would have to jump off on the floor we wanted to get to. If you missed your floor you had to get off on the next one, and then ride the other side of the belt down.

Once installed, our system worked as designed, and the peanut butter finally flowed as it should, eventually making that product their number one best seller for several years. After I returned home, I received a very formal letter from the Quaker Oats Company thanking me for saving their peanut butter crunch line. And that letter was signed by Cap'n Crunch himself. For a time that letter made me a big hit with my children, who most likely have no memory of it yet today. But I must admit that I was proud to have served Cap'n Crunch so well.

146
Confessions and Fantasies

Jane "Rindy" Davis and I produced around 100 programs at Jones Intercable in Tampa. Our first show was called "Freedom Now!" and was about the Prisoner of War issue. That show ran for two seasons and featured a lot of people and information that should have had an effect on the POW issue, but it didn't, nor did anything else for that matter.

Other programs that we did included "Reality Check" and "Anarcho Cyber Sludge." But my favorite one was "Big Brother's Latest Lies" (BBLL). It was a call-in show that ran for an hour every week. Jane would do her best to screen the callers, but since we didn't have a

Lorenzo Hagerty
Host of Big Brother's Latest Lies

three second delay, there were several occasions where some kid would get through and shout some swear words on live TV before I could cut them off. On a few of those occasions, Jane was able to get the caller's phone number and then during the middle of the night she would prank call them back.

One time, a few days after Sinéad O'Connor appeared on Saturday Night Live and had torn up the Pope's picture, I recounted the story on BBLL and held up a picture of the Pope just as Sinéad had done. However, I told my audience that instead of simply tearing it up that as soon as the program was over that I was going to put it in the urinal in the men's room at the studio, where we could all piss on the Pope. Well, once we were off the air and had cleared the studio, when I went to the station's lobby, there was the priest who was the pastor of the largest Catholic church in town, and he had a younger priest with him. These poor men were red in the face with anger and demanded that I give them the photo of the pope and that the station bar me from future programs. We compromised on the picture with me taking it home rather than putting it in the men's room.

The station didn't bar us over that incident, but about a month later we were kicked off the air and out of the studio because of another program that we were producing. Our show came on the air at midnight on Fridays and was called "Confessions and Fantasies." Jane got the idea from her sister who at the time was living in Sicily with her Italian pilot husband. Her sister told her that there was a priest who listened to confessions over television each Saturday, and that some of them were quite risqué.

So we put together a set with a large-backed wicker chair, draped it with black gauze, and lit the set so you could see the outline of Jane sitting in the chair, but you couldn't make out her features. She went by the name Madam Jade. The show was a huge success, and some of the people who called in had really classy fantasies. But one night Jane let things get a little out of hand and the station manager

claimed that our show was pornographic. Rather than fight it we just took a six-month suspension instead.

147

All that chicken shit

Early in 1946, my dad returned from his World War Two Navy duty in the South Pacific. At the time of his return I had almost no direct memory of him, but I do remember my mother having me draw pictures that she would send to him. In fact, I still have almost all of their correspondence from those days, including the drawings that we sent to him.

Little Larry "writing"a letter to his dad

Grandpa Fox sitting opposite the chair I was in when we heard dad open the front door.

I actually do have a very clear memory of his return, however. My mother, Anne, Grandpa Fox, and I were having lunch in the kitchen when we heard the front door open. We had been expecting my dad to arrive all morning, and so when we heard the front door open I was the first one there. My first reaction when I saw him was shock. I screamed! Until then, the only image that I had of him was from photos, and he didn't look at all like he had when he left. After spending so

much time out in the sun on Manus Island he wasn't just tan, he was almost black. But it didn't take long for me to become like a shadow to him. No matter where he went I was there.

During the war, my dad had a fantasy of becoming a farmer, but after that didn't work out, he decided to raise chickens in the big barn/garage behind the house. I don't remember how many chickens he had at any one time, but there were a LOT of them. His coops were stacked as high as his head, and there were several rows of them. Of course, I was always there with him each time he went out to change the newspaper in the bottom of the cages and then spread the chicken shit on our lawn for manure. Years later, when I had the job of cutting the grass, I would curse those damn chickens, because our lawn looked like one of the then-popular bedspreads that had ridges running from top to bottom. You could actually see the path that dad took as he walked up and down the lawn pouring the chicken droppings out of the newspaper he had removed from the bottom of the cages.

Little Larry "helping" his dad paint Grandma Hagerty's house. Dad always wore his sailor hat when working around the house.

During the summer of 1946 he painted his mother's house and later painted Grandpa Fox's house, where our little family lived as well. I can still remember him high up on a shaky ladder painting the top story of our Villa Street house. I was so proud of him.

That summer was also when our three relatives who were Catholic nuns got to come home for a family visit. This was a really big deal, because at the time they were only allowed *three* home visits during their entire lives! So these nuns were staying at our house, and all of the Fox

relatives came to town to visit with them. At some point, my dad took everyone out to the barn to see his chickens. And I, trying to show off how much I knew about raising chickens because I had accompanied my dad on his daily rounds, decided to show everyone how much I also knew about the chicken business. So, mimicking what I must have seen many times before, I bent down and looked under one of the coops and said, "Jesus Christ, look at all the chicken shit."

My grandpa loved it, but my mother was horrified. And that was the day that my dad quit the swearing habit he had picked up in the Navy.

148

Farm work

Corn has been a factor in my life for almost as long as I can remember. One of my earliest memories is from a trip that our family took to Ed's farm, down-state in Champaign County, Illinois. I must have been quite young, for, as I remember it, when Uncle Ed and I walked into the cornfield behind his house, I seem to remember that the corn had grown quite tall, way over my head. And Ed took me out to give me the experience of tasting corn right from the field. It was white sweet corn. Ed pulled off a cob, peeled off the leaves, cleaned away the silken fibers, handed it to me and told me to take a bite. At first I hesitated, because I thought that it had to be cooked, but he insisted. Yet this day I can almost taste how sweet and good it was. For some time after that I only wanted raw "field corn" to eat.

The summer after my second year in high school we were living in Rochelle, Illinois, which, at the time, was the Midwest headquarters for the Del Monte Canning Company. It was where most of their peas, corn, and asparagus was grown and canned. My first job at Del Monte was detasseling corn. We would arrive at a field just after sunrise, put on some old, tall rubber boots, and begin walking the fields, pulling the flower tassels out of the waist-high corn to prevent them from pollinating the other plants.

It was hot and miserable work with mud on the ground and bugs in our eyes. We only got paid whatever the minimum wage was at the time, about $1.00 per hour. The days were really long, ten hours was the minimum time per day, and often we worked longer. It was during this period that I got my first glimpse of what the world was really like. Until then I had been protected from the world by my parents, as most young children were at the time. But now I began spending time in the fields with a crew that was made up with a few other high school students but mainly with migrant workers, most of whom had never completed grammar school. I really learned about the dark side of the world from those young men. At least I learned about how degenerate the world actually was. It was a real eye-opener for an innocent little Catholic boy, and it most definitely marked the end of what I would call my childhood.

149

Summer vacations

In the summers of 1954, '55, and '56 we took what turned out to be the only three family vacations that we ever had, other than spending a week each summer at Ed's farm. And each time we borrowed Aunt Anne's car and drove to the Derris Motel in Townsend, Tennessee. Claude Derris and my dad had gone to high school together and remained lifelong friends. After working in Elgin until he was in his 40s, he pulled up stakes, moved to Townsend, bought a saw mill, and built a wonderful motel that

The Hagerty's
Joe, Ruth, Chris, Kelly, Mary,
Dan, & Lorenzo at
The Derris Motel in 1974

backed up to Little River, where we had some fantastic swimming and boating adventures.

But the highlight each year was when Claude Derris would put four lawn chairs in the back of his old red pickup truck and drive us to Cades Cove. At the far end of the cove there was a private road, which led to the only place in the entire national park where one of the original settler families was allowed to remain after the government took over the area. The last two living descendants of the original settlers were the Walker sisters.

Log home of the Walker sisters in Cades Cove Great Smoky Mountains

Mr. Derris had been their main connection to the rest of the world for quite a few years. I don't remember how he first became connected with them, but he was about the only non-related person that they ever allowed to come up to their cabin, high on a mountain overlooking Cades Cove. Just now, in recalling these memories, I am for the first time coming to understand what an honor it was to be allowed to visit these amazing women who were still living in the log cabin in which they had been born and which had been built by their own grandfather. You see, our family was the only one that Mr. Derris ever brought up to see the Walker sisters. It was his friendship with my dad is why he did it.

The day before our first trip to their log cabin home, Mr. Derris had to drive up to see them and ask permission for us to come. And on that first visit, only Louisa came out to visit with us, while her shy sister hid in the cabin. They were both in their 80s by then. I

don't remember much from that first year's visit, other than Louisa's sister hiding and us drinking some of the coolest, best tasting spring water I have ever had. Maybe it was that well-used shiny metal drinking ladle we shared that made it so special.

The next year when we went to see the Walker sisters, they both came out to see us, and then invited us into their house, where we sat in the big, open, main room while Louisa read some of her poems. That is how she earned a little money. She wrote each poem on a post card and sold them for $1 each. I still have a few of them somewhere, and if I ever come across one of them I'll copy it in a future volume of these chronicles.

150

Notre Dame sailing team

Near the end of the summer of 1961 I traveled to Ohio with my friend from Notre Dame, Marty Meyer. Marty is the first person I ever sailed with. That spring I had just finished the "Learn to sail free" course from Jim Kuras, and we then went to Saint Joseph's Lake to get our first experience in a boat.

Marty was assigned to me, and after I rigged the boat, he skippered us out onto the lake where I was to take the tiller for the first time. Just as we cleared the dock, a big puff of wind hit us and caused the boat to heel to port. Marty and I were sitting on the starboard side, me holding the jib sheet and Marty had the mainsheet and tiller. The correct response is to hike (lean) out farther to offset the wind force. So Marty yelled "Get out here!" Fortunately I didn't do the first thing that came to mind, which was that I thought he was telling me to get out of the boat! I almost did, but then, remembering

Notre Dame sailing team practices racing tactics

my recent classroom training, I hiked out and began learning how to sail.

So in August, after I had been living all summer in Rochelle, working as an engineer for Tilton Homes Company, Marty and I drove to Sandusky, Ohio where we caught a plane to take us to Put-In-Bay. We would be sailing for Notre Dame in their annual regatta. We arrived at the airport before dawn. There was a sign that said we could sleep in our car and they would wake us up when it was time to go. We parked and went to sleep.

A few hours later, this old, skinny, unshaven, guy with grease on his shirt knocks on our window and says we can buy our tickets in the now-open office. In the office he is the one who is the ticket seller. After everyone there bought a ticket, he told us where to go wait near the runway. Then he locked the office, got on a little yard lawnmower, drove over to a hanger and pulled an airplane out. It was a Ford Tri-Motor, one of the most historic planes ever made. And our greasy, ticket-seller/mechanic was also the pilot!

This is the plane we flew on in the summer of '61

I still have my used ticket and a very clear memory of the flight. Inside there were single, wicker seats lined up, one behind the other on both sides. I was sitting next to a little oval window on the right side, and before we took off the pilot came back and looked out my window and the one opposite me. I'm not quite sure what they were, but there were some kind of gauges near the engines just outside the window. We took off in a grassy field and landed in a field on the island that was in about the same shape.

After a week of wild parties, trips to a winery, and several boat races, we were exhausted. We barely had enough money to get there, and so we couldn't afford to rent a room. We had to crash wherever we could, sometimes outside, dodging the cops. After spending our money on food and drinks, we barely had enough cash left to buy enough gas to get us back to Elgin. (Those were the days before anyone had a credit card.) To get back to our car on the mainland, Marty and I each sailed an eleven foot Tech-dingy across Lake Erie from Put-In-Bay to Sandusky, where some friends would be waiting to tow the boats back to the Notre Dame boathouse.

151
Brainwashing

During all of my eight years at St. Joseph's grade school, we began each day facing a picture of the "virgin" Mary and saying a prayer to her. Then we would face the U.S. flag and say the pledge of allegiance (which I will never again recite). In 1954, when the phrase "under god" was added to the pledge the nuns were ecstatic, and we children were led to believe that the U.S. was particularly blessed by this invisible being and that this nation could do no wrong. Brainwashing children is one of the main functions of all governments, the U.S. included.

152
Ghosts

Have you ever noticed, as you sit at a keyboard looking into a computer monitor, that if you look closely, you can see a reflection of yourself ghosting on the screen. I first noticed this one day when I was watching a movie on my tablet. It was quite obvious due to the angle of the room's light at the time. Now I see it all the time, even right now. I've come to see myself as "the ghost in the machine."

153
My Tesla coil

During my senior year at Rochelle Township High School I built a Tesla coil for my science project. As it turned out, this was the only one built for the Northern Illinois Science Fair in 1960. In the

basement of our house at 906 N. Main Street, my dad built a pseudo-lathe using a cardboard carpet roll tube as the stock. It was hooked to a slow-turning motor that I controlled with my foot. Over several weeks I managed to wrap several miles of fine coper wire around that tube, guiding it with a little tool that my dad made for me.

I made a huge capacitor out of automobile glass that I salvaged from the junk yard and used copper sheets in between the glass. To create the frequency changes that I needed, I built a rotating spark gap. It was quite old technology, but at the time it was all that I could afford.

Slowly wrapping the last of several miles of fine wire for my Tesla coil

Amazingly, after a few false starts, it worked! But that first time that it resonated and threw off its characteristic long blue spark, it was in our basement. The spark jumped to an overhead heating duct and, among other things, it scared the hell out of my dad when a big spark arced from a heading vent to his hand. Essentially, our two story house, for the short time that it took me to understand what was happening and cut the power, had become a huge source of electrical radiation.

Within a few minutes of that event, my physics teacher, Byford Kyler, was excitedly knocking on our front door. He lived on the same block as we did, but at the diagonally opposite corner. My little experiment had momentarily interrupted his television, and he instantly realized that my Tesla coil had come to life. Later, once the coil was set up in our physics classroom, Mr. Kyler and I would run a long wire from the top of the coil that I would hold in my hand while standing in the hall. As classmates would walk by, Mr. Kyler would turn on the coil, and I would reach out and arc a long spark to a passerby. Word quickly got to the principal, however, and our fun

had to stop. Byford Kyler was one of my best teachers ever, and over time we also became good friends.

154

In 1966, I spent February and the first part of March in Europe. Much of the time was in Austria, where I visited my cousin Helen in Vienna. I also took the train to Innsbruck and Salzberg where I had many adventures. But my trip began in England where I visited with my friend Nigel Glassborow. Nigel and I served together on the sailing ships under the command of Captain Alan Villiers.

Nigel was a great tour guide. He set us up with dates to go to dinner in London at a restaurant called the Borscht and Tears, where a large group of rowdy Irishmen had us join them in chugging vodka and then smashing our glasses on the floor; which by the end of the evening was deeply covered in broken glass. I remember when he told me that we had dates that he said we were to "knock them up" at eight. I still think that British expression is funny.

Lorenzo in a Hut Circle
Dartmoor, 1966

Nigel had this 1930s red Fiat roadster that we dashed around the countryside in, stopping in Oxford to visit Captain Villiers at his home, which was called Windrush. Then we went on down to the little town of Crapstone, where Nigel lived with his parents. They were actually quite well off, but only recently had purchased a refrigerator, which I found had only one or two items in it at the time. They also bought an electric blanket for the bed I used. When I mentioned it the next morning, Nigel was horrified that his parents felt the need to do such a thing for his guest who, since I

came from the States, certainly must have always used one. We all laughed when I told them that it was the first time that I'd ever slept under an electric blanket.

Nigel trying to decide how to get around a fallen tree in the road.

Nigel and I covered a lot of ground, visiting the dock in Plymouth whence the pilgrims departed in 1620, and we spent an afternoon wandering around Sir Francis Drake's estate. At the time, I didn't yet know that Drake was basically a pirate until he gained some respectability. But the high point was the day that we went up to the moors and explored the ancient hut circles, some of which may date back as far as 10,000 BCE.

Two days after returning from my European adventures I was in Newport, Rhode Island, having my head shaved and beginning my days in Officer Candidate School. Culture shock on steroids.

155
Military madness

On the 23rd of December 1967 I returned to San Diego from our ship's tour of duty off the coast of Viet Nam. It was the first time in many months that I had seen Mary and Chris, and Kelly had just been born. However, due to her month-early arrival, Kelly was still in the hospital, where she was kept for about three weeks until she had gained enough weight to come home. So I didn't even get to hold her until she was almost a month old.

One month later, on the 23rd of January, the USS Pueblo was captured by North Korea. Four months or so before that we had stopped in Japan for some R&R, and I had occasion to have lunch on

the Pueblo one day, along with another officer from my ship who would soon be assuming command of a ship of the same class as the Pueblo. So it was a kind of a fact-finding mission on our part. As a result, we received a stem-to-bow inspection of the little vessel. When I heard of its capture it made a deep impact on me.

Within 24 hours of Pueblo's capture the entire division that our ship was in was ordered to prepare for departure to North Korea within seven days. Just two months before we were still in I Corp fighting the Vietnamese. Until I made it safely back to San Diego I had a brooding sense that I would be killed in Viet Nam, which was ridiculous of course, but don't forget the fact that basically I'm a coward. Peer pressure is my primary motivation, not courage. Now here I was, safely out of the war zone, and in a week I would be on my way back to yet another war.

LTJG Hagerty, (reluctant warrior with non-standard hair and no hat!!!) somewhere off the coast of Viet Nam

As the CIC officer, I was responsible for having the proper shore bombardment charts required to complete whatever mission we were assigned to carry out. And when I reported to our captain that the US Navy did not have a single shore bomb chart of the North Korean coast, he blew a gasket and told me in no uncertain terms to get some kind of chart for us to use once we arrived on station.

Ultimately, I secured a large number of cases of neatly folded US Army field artillery charts for the part of the Korean coast we were to be heading to. Unfortunately, they used a scale much smaller than ours. To cover the area that we required to make the calculations to send to the gunners, we would have needed 20 of the Army maps. So

for several days my division was out on the dock with this great mosaic of Army maps taped together and trying to plot significant coordinates on what old navigation charts I could could come up with to build a chart that we could use in CIC.

Fortunately, for us at least, the Navy was called down, and within a year the diplomats got our guys back without the necessity of sending Ltjg Hagerty to save the day. Whew!!!

156
The navigator

I spent most of 1969 at sea. As the Executive Officer and Navigator for the USS Apache, I was responsible for determining and reporting the position of our three-ship unit directly to the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington each day. Until I reported to the Apache in the summer of 1968, the only experience that I ever had with navigation was at Officer Candidate School back in 1965 and observing Alan Villiers when I was working on his square-rigged ship during a Pacific crossing. My total practical experience consisted of a few weeks of course work at Officer Candidate School, which included one day out on the river playing with sextants. In other words, I didn't know squat about navigation when I first arrived.

Lorenzo on the bridge of the Apache in mid-Atlantic ... Trieste III in the background after a dive.

So I quickly began to study, and even when we were just off the coast of California doing test dives, I always made a point of shooting the noon sun line, as well as morning and evening stars. Along the coast there was Loran C and visual aids, but the Loran was less than useless, and so I knew that my trusty sextant would be

the only hope of getting the job done. Over time I became quite proficient in getting good star fixes. In fact, I believe that of all the jobs I've had and things that I've done, the one thing that I excelled at was being a celestial navigator . . . all modesty aside, of course.

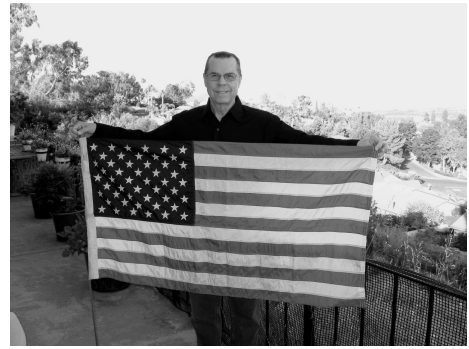
Early in 1969, the Apache took the USS Whitesands in tow, and in this great, cavernous floating dry dock that once floated destroyers up and out of the ocean for repairs, in this historic old vessel was the bathyscaphe, the USS Trieste III. At the time, the Trieste was the only human-piloted deep submersible in the world that was capable of reaching depths of over 11,000 feet, where the USS Scorpion lay in the middle of the Atlantic.

We towed the Whitesands/Trieste to and through the Panama Canal. Then we sailed onward to Mayport, Florida for repairs and final fitting out of the Trieste for our attempt to find the site of the Scorpion. On a lark, a few of us officers flew our wives to Mayport, where we had a five day vacation with them. Mary and I had a great time, even made it to St. Augustine. I can easily find the date of that vacation, because during that time the television in the motel was in constant coverage of the funeral of President Eisenhower.

Trieste returning from her third dive to the site of the Scorpion tragedy

From Mayport we sailed to the Azores Islands, where, on the morning of our arrival, I got one of the best star fixes that I'd ever made. When we sighted land I had to make visual corrections to what I thought was a perfect fix, because I discovered that our track was 1/2 mile off.

A few days later, the Navy's only satellite navigation system was installed on the White Sands, because we needed to be within a few feet of the suspected location of the sunken submarine to have a chance of actually finding her. That Sat-Nav system, by the way, was flown to us from Viet Nam, where it was being used by the USS New Jersey, who had to do without it while we were on station with it on the Scorpion search operation. When the technicians finally got the Sat-Nav operational, it was discovered that the entire island had been mis-plotted on the charts by 1/2 mile. That was when my captain, Larry Lonnin, who had once been an enlisted quartermaster, began telling his friends that I was the best navigator he'd ever known. Lonnin always called me "Number 1," in the tradition of the old British Navy where the first officer under the caption was, obviously, number one.



Lorenzo holding the flag that Trieste III was flying during her third Scorpion Ops dive

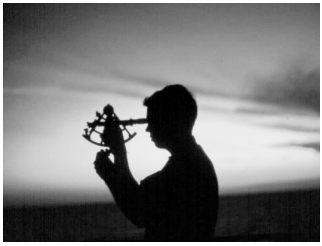
Even with the advantage of a Sat-Nav system, and the fact that a few months earlier the USNS Mizar had sonar-located the Scorpion and dropped homing beacons near that location, there was still much room for error in finding the sunken submarine. It took the Trieste three dives before making the first visual contact with the sunken ship.

On each of the dives, there were nine in all, the Trieste flew a new U.S. flag. The one that she was flying on dive three is the one that was given to me. After treasuring it for many years, I donated it to the Scorpion memorial museum on the East Coast. Hopefully, family members of the lost crew find a little solace in being so close to a flag that was once at the tomb of their loved ones

There are many stories I can tell and have told about this long voyage, but that's enough for here. I've spoken with several authors

who have published books about our operation, and I have little cameos in many of them. So those stories are still out there somewhere.

But for me, this trip was one of, if not the greatest physical achievements of my life. Our round trip covered over 14,000 nautical miles, and somewhere in one of my boxes I have a letter from the Commander-in-Chief Pacific congratulating me for being the navigator of "the longest continuous ocean tow in U.S. Navy History." I know, it is only a minor footnote in a huge history. But hey, how many of us ever get to even be mentioned in history? It may be only a footnote, but it's ***my*** footnote.



Lorenzo shooting the evening stars mid-Atlantic - 1969

When I left the Apache, Captain Lonnin, at some personal risk, "surveyed," as in claimed it was no longer serviceable, the sextant that I used to navigate the entire voyage; as we never had any reliable Loran coverage after we were about 100 miles south of San Diego. I still have that sextant. It's sitting here next to my desk, and it is one of my most treasured possessions.

157
Third grade

I still have a few clear memories of my third grade class. Our teacher was Sister Freidalyn, and the word on the playground was that she was the meanest teacher in that part of the state. For some reason, I was her pet. We learned cursive writing that year, and we had to learn using pens that we dipped in ink wells on our desks that were passed out at "penmanship time." As hard as it is to believe today, Sister Freedilyn awarded me a "real" fountain pen for having the best penmanship in class.

In the photo of our class, taken in our classroom, the third girl from the left was the first girl that I ever kissed. We kissed under the hollow concrete stairwell at the side entrance to the gym. Some older kid was with us and dared us to do it. As I remember it, we also went "mmmmmmm" as our lips came together. Patricia left Saint Joe's before the end of that school year, because her family moved to California. Her last name was Lynch. Forty-nine years later, I met and married Marycie Lynch, of California!

Little Larry's (back of second row)
Third Grade Class
Saint Joseph's School, Elgin, IL

158

Filming the movie *Hawaii*

Shortly after returning from sailing in the 1965 Mardi Gras regatta in New Orleans, I dropped out of law school and wound up working as a stunt man in the movie *Hawaii*. It was probably the best job that I've ever had.

After a Pacific crossing in the three-masted barque, Wandia (renamed Carthaginian for the movie), I became part of the single crew that manned both the Carthaginian and the brig Thetas during the filming. While we were provided hotel rooms in Honolulu, most of us spent our nights sleeping on board the two ships that we kept anchored just off the beach where the movie set was located.

In the distance are the two ships I lived on during the summer of 1965

One of the scenes that we were in is one that has been repeated in many South Sea Island films. It is where the natives all come out in canoes to welcome the ship that has just anchored near their beach. We shot different versions for each of the ships. When we arrived in the Carthaginian, which was a whaling ship, topless native girls swam out and climbed aboard. As you can guess, that was a true dream job for a young man back then.

When we arrived in the Thetis, which was the missionary ship, the scene included the queen being brought out to the ship and hoisted aboard with a gang of sailors and a block and tackle. The part with the queen in her big canoe, being paddled out to our ship is sometimes seen in television commercials, but they don't show the close up of the sailors hoisting her aboard, which was one of my "big scenes."

Queen Malama comes out to welcome our ship

159

History is life's background music

In the three months just before the month of my birth, Barbara Streisand, Paul McCartney, Brian Wilson, and Jerry Garcia were all born. We were the class of '42.

Four days before my birth, a battle broke out on an island in the Pacific Ocean. The island was Guadalcanal. It would be early the next year before the U.S. won that battle.

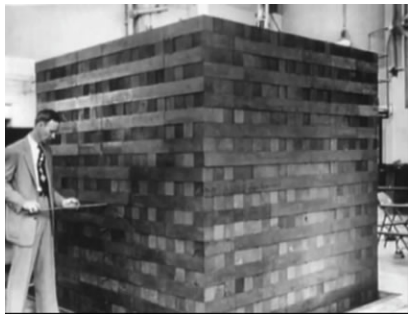
On August 11th I was born.

So, I had arrived at a moment when the entire world was at war. But as is usually the case, in the deep background there are rumblings of a more peaceful image being created as well, for, just eight weeks and two days after I was born so was a new cartoon character, a little guy named Mickey Mouse.

A month later Germany invaded France and a week after that Martin Scorsese was born.

During Thanksgiving week of my first year, one of my now favorite all-time movies premiered, Casablanca! Most of the action was centered on Rick's, a famous night club. Two days after the premier of Casablanca, the famous Coconut Grove night club in Boston burned, killing almost 500 people.

Yet it was the second day of December of that year, 1942, that saw the most momentous technological event yet experienced by humans.



Enrico Fermi and Chicago Pile 1

Less than 50 miles from where my parents and I were living on that day, under the bleachers at the University of Chicago's Stagg Field, the Italian scientist Enrico Fermi took Pile-1 critical and demonstrated the first artificial self-sustaining nuclear chain reaction ever to take place on this planet. The power of the sun, for the first time in known human history, had been harnessed on the surface of the planet Earth. A new epoch in human history had begun.

The first month of 1943 brought with it the dedication of the world's largest administrative building, the Pentagon. And the very next day Iraq declared war on the Axis Powers. We were on the same side back then at least. And in this same month, the Battle for Guadalcanal, which began a few days before I was born, finally came to an end. Here in the states, Duke Ellington played Carnegie

Hall for the first time. I would get to meet him 19 years later, but that's another story, which I told back in chronicle number 23.

Each of the next three months of 1943 had their own significant historical moments, which began the background track of my life. In February, the German 6th Army surrendered at Stalingrad, often considered the single largest and bloodiest battle in the history of warfare. The following month, the musical *Oklahoma* premiered on Broadway. But it was in April of 1943 that the counterpoint to Fermi's nuclear reaction in Chicago took place. April 19th to be exact. And it took place in the quiet little town of Basel, Switzerland, when Doctor Albert Hofmann became the first human we know of to deliberately ingest Lysergic acid diethylamide, LSD-25. With the advent of the nuclear age also came the advent of the psychedelic age, and a delicate dance between death and transformation had begun. . . . Of course, neither I nor the people raising me had any idea of either of these two things at the time.

USS Hopewell in the South China Sea - 1967

The second day of April 1943 also saw an event that would later have an impact on my life. It was on that day that the USS Hopewell (DD-681) was launched. Twenty four years later she would be the destroyer that I served on off the coast of Viet Nam during that horrible war. You will find a few of those stories in chronicles number 70, 143, and 181.

And so, those are just a few of the historical headlines that took place before I was even one year old. My grandmother was German and my grandfather was Irish. My mother, aunt and I lived in my grandparent's house during the war when my dad was serving in the Navy in the South Pacific. While I have very few and faint direct memories of my first three years, there is no doubt that war news

was the number one topic in our house. My job was to be the family clown and to keep everyone happy and laughing, as only a cute little boy or girl can do. My understanding is that I did my job quite well.

160
Back 'er down, she's suckin' mud

Throughout my childhood, whenever I would help my dad in the yard or in his basement workshop, he would often say, "Back 'er down, she's suckin' mud," which meant to turn off the hose or cut the power to his table saw, or something like that. It wasn't until he was visiting us in Houston, during the time that I was practicing law, that I finally asked him where that expression came from. He told me that during the war, when he was stationed on Manus Island in the South Pacific, he was supervising a group of men who were draining water out of a big pond with an engine-driven pump, when it began sucking mud from the bottom of the pond, and that's what one of the men shouted. From then on, that phrase applied to countless things in my dad's life.

Lorenzo & his dad, Joe, at the Pacific's edge 1969

161
Shoe boxes

As strange as this may sound, shoe boxes have played a big role in my life. During my grade school years we didn't have the variety of plastic boxes of all sizes and shapes available to us now. So most people kept stacks of shoe boxes in their closets, and that is where the little bits and pieces of their lives were stored.

As it turns out, the nuns who were the teachers at St. Joe's grade school were even more in need of shoe boxes than the average housewife. Fortunately for the good sisters, my dad, who was the manager of the main floor of our local J.C. Penney store, offered to

have the store's shoe department save all of the boxes that their customers didn't take, and then he would have me deliver them to their convent next to the church and school.

Thus it was that about every two months, early on a Saturday morning, I would pull my wagon from our Villa Street house all the way down town to Penny's, load it up with stacks of shoe boxes tied in neat little manageable bundles, and trek back up the hill and on to St. Joe's, where I would deliver the boxes to the nuns. Often, I would have to make two trips because there were so many of those damn shoe boxes.

However, later in life I developed a deep love for shoe boxes, at least for the tops. You see, before cannabis made it out of the underground and became an industry of high-tech clones and fancy vaporizers, when we bought a bag of weed we had to clean it by hand, which meant picking out a bunch of seeds from the flowers. It was my dear, long departed friend Katie Russell who taught me the technique of cleaning my grass into the upturned top of a shoe box, and then inclining it a bit while drumming my fingers on the top to create a little wave of seeds rolling out of the grass and to the bottom of the lid. The sound of those little seeds rolling down the lid of a shoe box is some of the best music that my ears have ever heard.

A Lorenzo selfie with a full volcano bag

162
Doing drugs with celebrities

If you ever want to find out what a celebrity is like when she or he can just be themselves and not have to live up to their popular image, then do some drugs with them.

I've been fortunate to have done drugs with a variety of celebrities, most of whom are still being cool about their drug use, and so I'm going to have to outlive them before I can talk about our experiences together. There are two celebrities that I can mention, however. One of them is Joe Rogan, who I shared a joint with before our four hour conversation on his podcast. After a few tokes we became new best friends and had a great time talking with one another.

The other one that I now feel free to mention is Sting, but only because he talked about using ayahuasca in his autobiography. For many years I was a member of a group who got together on several occasions each year and participated in an ayahuasca ceremony. One afternoon, as we were assembling for the evening's session, a big black car pulled up with Sting. Although his bodyguard suggested that he stay there with the car for the night, Sting gave him the rest of the day off and joined us as casually as any other new member of the group had done.

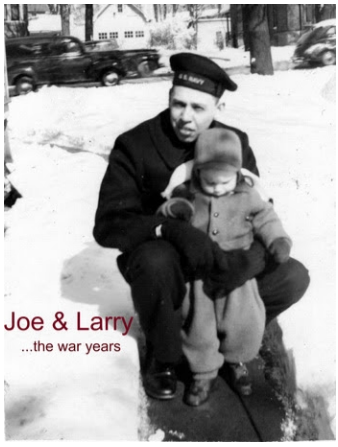
It was a good session, and at times I heard Sting singing along with the ayahuascero who was leading the session. After we closed the circle in the early morning hours, Sting slept on the floor with us and the next morning, just like the rest of us, he emptied and cleaned his own barf bucket. Now when I listen to one of his songs I feel as if it's a friend who is singing.

163
Free as a bird

During the years that I lived alone in Valrico, Florida, I spent many evenings sitting outside on my back stoop. My faithful dog Igor would sit next to me with his head on my lap. And we would watch the migrating birds flying overhead in vast flocks. Often there would be several thousand passing overhead in the evening. They

were heading for warmer weather during the winter months and flying back north in the spring. They were magnificent!

I usually smoked a joint while we were sitting there, and every once in a while, Igor would lift his head and indicate to me that he would like me to blow a little smoke his way. Actually, he did the same thing inside, when we were sitting together on the floor and I was watching television. My old stoner dog Igor. What a great friend he was to me. Often we would walk around the block at night, and whenever young children would come out to say hello, Igor would lie down and demonstrate his fondness for the young people who loved to pet him. I should write about the last time our eyes met, but I can't bear to visit that moment again.



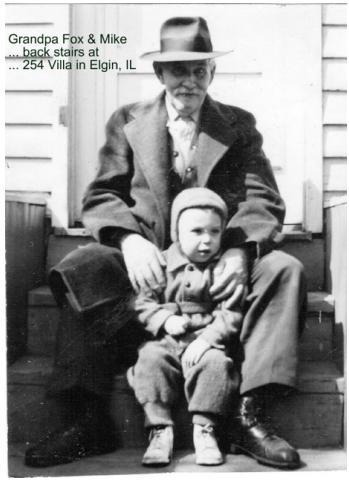
164
D-Day

When one of my grandchildren asked me what D-day was, rather than go into any details, I simply told her that it was the day on which one of the major battles of World War Two began. I thought about going into more detail and explaining how big a factor that day has always been in my own life, but I doubt if at her young age she would be very interested.

I can remember several of my dad's friends talking about their experiences during and after that invasion. To me, those stories were as normal for me to hear as are today's stories about the latest World Cup match. This was an event that had a major impact on people that I knew when I was very young. Their stories have never left me. Yet, I doubt that anyone more than three generations removed from those events will ever be able to grok the true significance of D-day.

165
The Old Religion

While I no longer have a large number of clear memories of my Grandpa Fox, the main ones that I have are of the afternoons when I would sit listening to him in his upstairs bedroom. It was the bedroom that I would move into after he died. On the wall over his bed was an old map of Ireland, which is the very map that I am looking at on my office wall right now. Those were the afternoons with Grandpa Fox when I was at the age where, in Catholic school, we were being prepared for our "Confirmation," the sacrament we were to take confirming the fact that we had willingly accepted the teachings of the church. It was supposedly our step into adulthood.



Grandpa Fox and Mike

Confirmation was a big deal in our household, primarily fueled by the nuns in our family, I suspect. All of the women were making a big fuss about me choosing a "Confirmation name" and getting my dad's friend, Chuck Hines as my sponsor, which I guess was to be kind of like yet another godparent or something. The truth is that I never spoke to Chuck about religious things. It was more a formality than anything else. Chuck had been the skipper of the ship from which General Douglas MacArthur debarked when he made his triumphant return to the Philippines during World War Two.

I chose Patrick as my confirmation name and went up to tell Grandpa Fox, thinking that he would be pleased at my Irish tilt. It was then that he told me about his mother and what she had taught him about the Old Religion. And it was then that he said, "You have to pretend that you are going along with those women and their religion, Laddie, but don't believe a bit of it." Then he began telling

me what he knew about what he called the Old Religion, things that his mother had taught him.

I wish that I had known her, Lizzy Finn Fox, my great grandmother. After immigrating to the States in his teens, and not knowing how to read and write at the time, my grandfather, Dan Fox, Lizzy's oldest son, eventually became a prosperous farmer in Southern Illinois. And Grandpa Fox was able to eventually help his parents come to the States themselves. I've seen a few old black and white photos of Lizzy that were taken at too great a distance to clearly make out her features. My mother told me that Lizzy was never without her little snuff box, which she used all day every day, as I now do with cannabis.

As for the Old Religion, I promised to never repeat what he told me.

166

The Catholic Church

The cleverest, most degenerate and ruthless tactic in the Roman Catholic Church's evil bag of sadistic tricks on small children is to forever haunt their lives with the threat of eternal damnation simply because they were having ***impure thoughts***. The people who put ideas like that into the minds of children should be put in chains where we can throw down guts for them to eat once a week.

167

More about the heat shield

In a ground floor corner of the Houston Yacht Club, looking Northeast, was a sailor's bar that was called the Port Hole. There was a round table in the corner. The walls were all glass and were held up by blackened old rough timbers. On that table was a candle encased in the middle of an open-top glass bowl. Over the top of the bowl was a weathered copper-looking thing that could have been a large funnel or part of a small still. It was round at the bottom and then a tapered section led to a narrow stove pipe top. It washed up on the lawn of the club in the summer of 1961, right after Hurricane Carla.

My friend Jim Rice and I had spent a night with the sailing instructors there, while on our way to Mexico, only a few days before Carla struck. It basically wiped out the entire harbor. The

The Port Hole Bar at the Houston Yacht Club circa 1962

following summer I wound up as the assistant sailing instructor there, working for Paul O'Reilly who had been Jim Kuras' assistant the year before when I had been there. Jim was the captain of the Notre Dame sailing team when I was a sophomore and was the person who taught the Learn to Sail Free course that led me into sailing in the first place.

During my first year traveling with the Notre Dame sailing team, as a "plebe," I was assigned to cater to the wishes of the commodore of the MCSA, the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association. Paul O'Reilly was that person. So when he became the head instructor at HYC, and since the club wanted to continue a long-standing relationship with Notre Dame, I wound up backing out of the offer I had just accepted as head sailing instructor at the Racine Yacht Club in Wisconsin. How very different my life would have been had I gone to Racine instead of Houston. So I opted for the Houston job, which not only paid a great deal more, but which also led me to meeting the woman who would become my wife and becoming a Texas lawyer among many other things.

Getting back to the heat shield, which is what they named this unusual piece of metal that was about the only thing that they found along the harbor after the hurricane had passed. The table in the corner became known as the heat shield table, and during many the long and hot summer evenings it was usually populated by John Price, a top Houston lawyer, and Judge Tom Stovall, an important Texas judge and the man who one day would swear me into the Texas State Bar. Another character in the heat shield crowd was my mentor and dearest friend, Ray Bell. And, much to my surprise, they also included me in this august group of table regulars. There were many other characters who also made notable appearances, such as shipyard owner and one of my all-time favorite people/characters, "Cutty in a tall glass," Danny Bloodworth. And there was also that guy who started Trans Texas Airlines, which eventually became Southwest Air. One day I'll have to tell about the time that he got thrown out of our speed boat when Danny hit the spoil bank in the ship channel.

Now that I think about it, the heat shield itself, which mysteriously disappeared a few years before Ray Bell died, well, that old piece of metal, wherever it is, is just that, an old piece of metal, at least that is how most people would see it. For me, however, it will forever be a symbol of great times spent with great friends. Life is sometimes good, very good indeed. And thinking back to my heat shield days has been good for me too, even though I am a bit saddened when I realize that I am now the last surviving member of the heat shield gang.

168
Polio

When I was in first grade, I think it was in 1948 or '49 that, along with several other students at St. Joe's, I came down with polio. At the time Doctor Dunn came to our house, diagnosed me, and told my parents that I had "a form of polio", and while my legs had stopped working at the time, I would get well and begin walking again.

My dad was working at Penney's in downtown Elgin back then, and when I would visit him at work, which I did quite frequently, I would often see this legless veteran sitting outside the store, playing his accordion with a cup nearby for tips. He had no legs, but he was sitting on a little square wooden platform with wheels on the bottom. Whenever he had to move around he would put on a pair of leather gloves to protect his hands as he pushed himself.

With that example in mind, my dad built a similar platform for me so that I could get around our house. He even gave me a pair of leather gloves to use. I can't remember how long this went on, but it was for several months. My teacher would send my lessons home, and after she came home from her own teaching job, my Aunt Anne would help me with my school work. After a while it just seemed natural to be pushing myself around instead of walking, but eventually my legs began to work again, and I finally returned to school before the end of the year.

One of my classmates, Arlene Priggy, and her older brother Wayne, weren't quite so lucky. Polio crippled both of them for life.

169
The Be-In

The generation that I was born into is one of the smallest in number and has always been more or less adrift. Our parents were of the Depression Generation, and my brother was one of the first of the Baby Boom Generation. I was born in 1942, between those two generations, into the so-called Silent Generation. Our formative years took place during a time of suffocating conformity in this country, but it was also during a period of relief and happiness due to the end of World War Two.

In 1945, the Baby Boom generation began, leaving us "war babies" in a strange world where we shared many of our parents' beliefs and values. However, we were also being drawn to what those just a few years younger than us were doing. And so I had one foot in my parents' world of conformity and one foot in my brother's

world of social change. Like many of my peers, I felt torn between family and future, which is something that I still haven't completely resolved.

Lorenzo & Chris
San Francisco 1967

And so it was, on the morning of January 14, 1967, I found myself, along with my wife and three-year-old son, throwing bread to the ducks and geese in the pond at Golden Gate Park in San Francisco. It had become a weekend ritual for us to visit the park whenever I didn't have duty on my ship. At the time it was in the shipyard across the Bay at Hunters Point, where the previous September one of the first big race riots of those days had taken place. At the time, I was a new Ensign in the Navy, and we were preparing our ship for a deployment to Viet Nam the following summer.

As we watched Chris throw bread to the ducks, Mary and I noticed that there were a lot more people in the park that morning than we had seen before, and many of them were hippies. I immediately felt out of place with my short haircut. Seeing the peace and joy in the faces of those hippies reinforced my secret belief that I was on the wrong side in this war, that I should have had the courage to avoid the military, not get married, and escape to Canada. (After my return from Viet Nam I secretly encouraged my little brother to do just that, although he went to Spain instead of Canada.)

In the next day's paper we learned that tens of thousands of people showed up in Golden Gate Park later that day for the Human Be-In. That was the event at which Timothy Leary famously said, "Turn on, tune in, and drop out." While the original Be-In is now well documented, at the time, there was only a brief mention in the

Sunday paper, and I don't recall even talking about it with the other officers on my ship the following Monday. Before the gay liberation movement, people who didn't like to get high were called "straights" by the hippies, and to us straights the Be-In was barely noticed at the time.

Thirty-five years later, in 2002, the 12th annual Digital Be-In was held in San Francisco. Its theme was the Media Revolution. I was one of the featured speakers at that event, and the title of my talk was "Turn on. Tune in. Take Charge!" What a long strange trip this has been.

170
Our family doctor

Growing up in a small town during the 1940s and 50s brought with it many things, both good and bad, about small town America. Our family doctor, Doctor Dunn, delivered both my bother and myself. During our bouts with measles, mumps, and the chicken pox, Dr. Dunn would come to our house several times during our illnesses to check on us. I don't have any photos of him, but my recollection is of a short, heavy set, balding man with a ring of white hair who wore glasses. All of my memories of him seem to have a smile on his face. We all really liked and trusted him.

However, recently I came across a little note that my mother made in which she mentioned that Dr. Dunn told her to never tell my brother and me about her seizures and that she was an epileptic. The reason that he gave her for this advice is that if that fact got out then Mike and I would never be allowed to join the military. I don't even know where to begin commenting about that little fact. It blows my mind on so many levels.

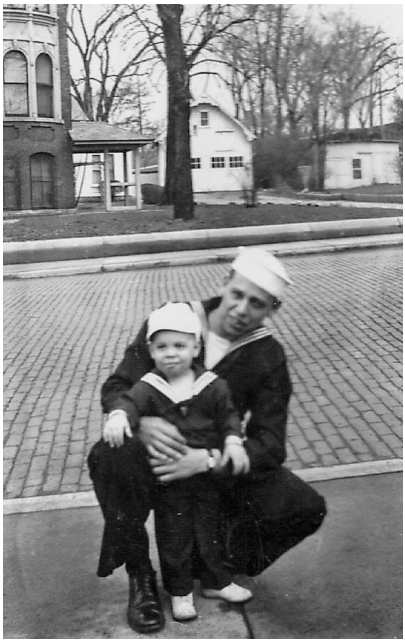
171
Our ice box

We didn't get a refrigerator until I was around six years old; until then we had an ice box in our kitchen. As I remember it, the big box was largely made of wood on the outside, and it had an opening on

top into which a block of ice could be placed. The design of the box allowed for several compartments to be cooled by the melting ice, with the coldest places up next to the ice compartment.

I clearly remember many times when my brother and I would wait for the ice man to use his big tongs to pick up a block of ice, place it on his shoulder, and take it into our kitchen where he would drop it into our ice box. As soon as he was out of sight I would climb up on the truck and use one of the picks there to chip off some smaller pieces of ice from one of the blocks in the truck. Then I would toss them down to my brother, climb down from the truck, and join my little brother who was already sucking on his piece.

One of my clearest and funniest memories from that time in my life was of my father when he would have to empty the drip pan that collected the melted ice at the bottom of our ice box. It was a large rectangular piece of metal, about a yard on each side and with a little lip sticking up all around it to keep the water in the pan. I guess that the lip must have been no more than two inches high.



Larry & Joe circa 1944

The funny part is that dad would often wait a little too long to take out the melted ice water, and the pan would be filled with water almost up to the brim. If you've ever tried to carry a large pan of water like that you already know that the pan must be held perfectly level and not tipped in the least. Otherwise the water begins sloshing to and fro, gradually picking up speed as you correct the spilling movement, until there is no longer any hope of stopping it from spilling. At that point the only thing that you can do is to rush as fast as possible to get

outside and let most of the water spill on the ground instead of in the house.

My brother and I truly enjoyed those nights with a full pan of water, my dad in his old white navy cap with the sides rolled down, a cigarette hanging from his lips, the water beginning to slosh, and dad shouting, "Open the goddamn door!"

172
Father O'Brien

During my years at the University of Notre Dame, I had a lot of contact with a priest who earlier had become a celebrity among Catholics when, in 1938, he published a best seller titled *The Faith of Millions.* He lived in residence on the first floor of the Main Building. His name was John O'Brien, and years earlier he happened to be the priest who drove out to say mass each Sunday at St. Boniface church in Ivesdale, Illinois, not far from the University of Illinois in Champaign, where Father O'Brien taught. In June of 1915, he baptized my mother in that little, farming community church.

When I arrived at Notre Dame in the fall of 1960, Father O'Brien was ready for me, as my mother had written and told him that our family would stop by for a visit when they brought me to the campus to begin my fist year. When we saw him, he asked me if I would be his altar boy for several days each week when he said mass in the private chapel on the top floor of the building, which actually had been closed off due to the decrepit condition of that historic old structure, which nonetheless still held up the famous golden dome. Since my parents were present when he asked, there was no way for me to get out of it. Thus began four years of serving mass for Father O'Brien.

Occasionally, he would say a Sunday mass at one of the Catholic girls' boarding schools in town and ask me and my roommate, Dave Herlihy, to serve mass for him. There was one Sunday that stands out in my memory. The night before, Dave and I got roaring drunk and

forgot to set the alarm early so as to meet Father O'Brien at the front of the university on Sunday morning.

Dave and I were rudely awakened on Sunday morning by the Rector of Sorin Hall (only an old Notre Dame grad will understand the gravity of that situation). He was in our room and extremely excited. Apparently, Father O'Brien had called him from The Circle (a paved area for cars to drop off and pick up people from the pedestrian-only campus). As a semi-hero among the priests on campus, Father O'Brien was held in high regard, and our rector was one of his biggest fans.

So we had slept through our ride to the girls' boarding school with Father O'Brien. However, he told our rector that he would have a cab waiting for us at The Circle and we should get there as soon as possible. In a semi-drunken, very hung-over blur, we finally arrived at the girls' school. Mass had begun and was being held on a little stage at the front of a small assembly room. There was no way to get behind the altar and put on our cassocks other than for Dave and me to walk down the center aisle, hop up onto the stage and walk behind the altar. All the while we could hear about 50 teenage girls laughing at us.

After mass the nuns who ran the school served a private breakfast for Father O'Brien and us two red-faced altar boys. He noticed that we both drained our glasses of water immediately after sitting down. With a straight face, but with twinkling eyes, he told the nuns who were serving us that he chose Dave and me to serve on Sundays because he knew that we two always went to bed early on Saturday nights because we didn't drink. And he said that he knew that we didn't drink on Saturday nights because we were always so thirsty on Sunday mornings. I don't think that the good sisters got it, but his wink at Dave and me told us that we weren't in any trouble after all.

During the first few years after I graduated from Notre Dame I occasionally exchanged letters with Father O'Brien, mainly telling

him of my latest exploits with the navy. But he seemed to be more interested in my wife and family, as his questions were always about them. In early 1969 I finally wrote and told him that my wife and I were struggling with the fact that the church didn't allow birth control, but that we believed that it was necessary for us to use it. I can still remember where I was when his answer reached me. We had been at sea in the middle of the Atlantic for several months by then, and mail only reached us rarely. I remember always being excited to receive a letter from him, and this was no exception. It was a warm day, and I was sitting at the desk in my stateroom (one of the perks of being the executive officer), the portholes were open and a little breeze was blowing in. His letter began with news from the campus, but then he got very serious and told me that if I didn't think that it was wrong to use birth control then it was no problem. He went on to tell me to always follow my conscience whenever it conflicted with church rules. Of course, that advice eventually led me to leave the church completely, but that's another story.

Just before I graduated, Father O'Brien asked me to be one of the witnesses to his will. It was the next to last time that I saw him. The last time was sometime in 1979 or 1980, when I was visiting the university for some reason or other. I knew that he had been living in the infirmary for a while, and so I stopped by to see him. At first the nurses, who were nuns, wouldn't let me in. Apparently a lot of people wanted to see him, but by then he was suffering from dementia, and the good sisters wanted to protect him from the stress of not remembering who they were.

After I told them that he had baptized my mother, one of them went back to see him and returned saying that he may be having a moment of clarity and that I could see him after all. Physically he looked great, he was up, shook hands, and had that old twinkle in his eye. He could remember a great deal about my mother's childhood, even remembering the names of several of her siblings. But he didn't remember anything about the times that I served mass for him during my years at Notre Dame.

As our visit was coming to a close, I said something about the fact that he seemed much better than I had been led to believe he would be. He then looked me directly in the eye and said, "I have these clear moments, Larry, but in a few minutes I won't even remember that you were here." Then he gave me his blessing, embraced me, and smiled as he thanked me for stopping by.

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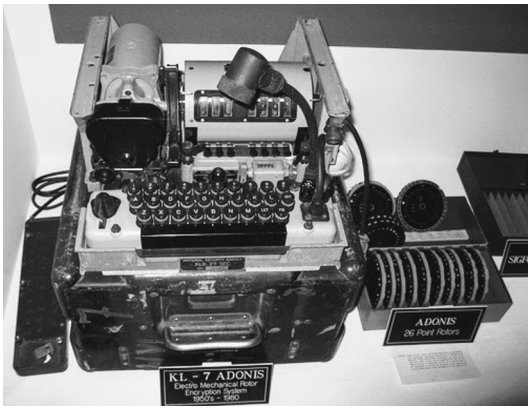
Secret stuff

I don't know how things are done today, but back during the 1960s when I was in the Navy, electronics were quite primitive even when compared to what we have in the civilian world today. At the time the public encryption standard (DES) and public-key cryptography were yet to be developed. For secure communications on our ship we used the KL-7 machine.



Top secret KL-7 crypto machine used by the U.S. Navy in the 1960s

The KL-7 had rotors to handle the actual encryption. All but one of these rotors moved in a complex pattern that was controlled by notched rings that had to be manually reset using a complex series of settings that changed every hour of every day. To find the proper settings for a message that came in encrypted we had to go to our printed top secret code books which were replaced each month.

When the new set of monthly codes were received, two officers were required to make the page changes together. Each of the old pages were carefully accounted for, placed in a large 'burn bag' and then taken to an incinerator facility where we would watch it burn. Then, under oath we would certify that the previous month's codes

were destroyed and that each and every changed page was accounted for.

While this may seem like a make-work, non-event task, it was actually a very stressful situation. During my time in the Navy, more than one officer did hard prison time for losing or misplacing a page from our code books. This fact was always on our minds, and of everything that I did in the Navy, this was one of the most stressful. I assume that today things are more automated and that careless young officers are no longer going to prison for losing a piece of paper.

174

Drinking during work hours

While I was working at GTE Data Services I never took the time to read anything in the employee manual. In particular, I never read the part about not being allowed to drink during working hours. I can understand not drinking at my desk, but it seemed to me (at the time) that having a beer with my lunch wouldn't be a problem.

On Fridays we would usually go to this little run down bar that served the best Philly steak sandwiches in Florida. I think that it may have had a pool table, but mainly I remember sitting at the bar and having a sandwich and a beer.

One day I invited my department head to join us. She was the woman who had first taken a chance and hired me. You see, at the time I got that job as a technical writer, I was already in my 40s and had never worked as a writer before. What she saw on my resume was that I had been an engineer, a lawyer, and had been the CEO of a now defunct computer company. At the time she was looking for young people with writing experience who she could get to work for low wages. But they had a big project coming up, and there just weren't enough experienced tech writers available to fill all of the positions that were available. So I got the job.

By the time I invited her to join my friends and I for lunch, she and I had become good friends and had socialized outside of work. It never occurred to me that having a beer with lunch wasn't permitted.

My friends were kind of freaked out about having our boss join us for our Friday beer-lunch, and so it turned out that I was the only one who had a beer that day. Only when I kept trying to get my boss to join me for a drink did she tell me that it was against company regulations to have alcohol during working hours.

I still think that's a bunch of bullshit. Since I was an hourly employee, and since I didn't get paid during lunch time, as far as I was concerned, it wasn't during ***my*** working hours. After learning that I was breaking a company rule anyway, I began having a beer with my lunch several days a week.

175
Big houses

During my high school years we lived in the small farming town of Rochelle, Illinois. At the time it was the Midwest headquarters of the Del Monte Canning Company, and in addition to the big cannery, there was also a huge Continental Can plant that manufactured the cans for Del Monte. The only other business of note in Rochelle was the Caron Spinning Mill. Those three businesses kept many of the 10,000 residents of Rochelle gainfully employed.

My dad owned the Ben Franklin store in town, and we rented an old two-story house that wasn't in great shape. Those were the years when I first began dating, and my girlfriend was the only child of the town's richest man, John Tilton, the owner of Tilton Homes, a prebuilt house manufacturing company where I eventually went to work, but not until after Joanne Tilton and I broke up.

All during my high school years I was embarrassed about where I lived, and I was constantly bugging my parents about buying one of the Tilton houses, a ranch house in particular. I used to get the brochures from Tilton Homes and pore over the floor plans, dreaming of what it would be like to live in a nice big house. Of course, my parents were already struggling financially, and so a new house was out of the question.

After I graduated from law school and began to earn a larger income, I bought a big house in Friendswood, Texas. From there I moved to Dallas and bought an even bigger house. Next came my move to Florida and the purchase of a 5,000 square foot house on 3 1/2 acres of heavily wooded oak trees. The house was on a large private lake, and we had our own boat dock, complete with an electric boat lift. Additionally, we had a big swimming pool and our own tennis courts. By then I was seriously over-committed financially. Eventually my wife and I divorced and I moved into a small apartment. I gave her all of the proceeds from the sale of our house, and she was able to purchase a smaller, but much more comfortable and maintainable house.

Today I live in a rented duplex that I enjoy much more than any of those big houses that were such a strain on me to maintain. I suspect that my need to get bigger and bigger houses sprang from those days in Rochelle when I felt so bad about the house that I was living in.

176
Pretending to be a big deal

During the early years of Dynasty Computer Corporation, the personal computer company that I started, we were really on a roll. After a front page mention in the Wall Street Journal and a feature story in Forbes, the venture capitalists came after me. At the time we were selling computers faster than our cash flow could keep up, and so I needed someone with deep pockets to help out. Venture capital seemed my best bet. Ultimately, however, the VCs took over my company, stripped it of assets, re-purposed my sales force and kicked me out, much like the VCs during the American War in Viet Nam took this country out.

One of the VCs that looked into us was Ambassador Bill. (I no longer remember what investment bank he was with.) Formerly, he had been the assistant U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, and so we all called him Ambassador Bill. His name actually was William

vanden Heuvel. I believe his daughter is now the editor of The Nation magazine.

Ambassador Bill was a real wheeler-dealer, and he was also Teddy Kennedy's personal political advisor. I clearly remember one afternoon when Bill was sitting with his feet propped up on my desk and carrying on a long conversation with Kennedy. I think that he was doing it just to impress me, which he did.

So Bill and his VC buddies invited me to come to their offices in New York City. What a thrill that was for a wanna-be entrepreneur like me. I clearly remember waiting for Bill and his partners to meet with me in their board room. I don't remember what building we were in, but we were at least 60 stories high, and the view was spectacular. At the time I thought that I had really arrived with the big boys and that nothing could stop me now. Unfortunately, while I was a great salesman, I knew next to nothing about running a business. A year or so later my company had been stripped of assets, and although, on paper at least, I was a millionaire, it didn't take long for me to run out of cash and begin doing whatever it took to keep paying for my big house and all of my stuff. And so I felt that I had little choice other than to expand my side business . . . selling MDMA. But I never forgot the view from the top of that NYC skyscraper. For an afternoon, at least, I was the King of the World.

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Telegraph failure

When I was around twelve years old, I had a friend who lived on the same block as us but on the opposite corner of Gifford Street from our house. His name was Jimmy Kirkendal, and he had a little Pekingese dog named Prissy.

One winter day a few years earlier Jimmy and I were playing down by the frozen Fox River when we both broke through the ice and were in freezing water up to our waists. As soon as we climbed back out of the river our clothes began to freeze, and so we had to walk stiff-legged, due to our frozen pants, back up the National

Street hill to Jimmy's house, where his mother put us in the bathtub and filled it with warm water so as to begin melting our clothes off us.

But a few years later we had progressed from exploring the river to chemistry sets and electricity. For my birthday that summer I received a set of two telegraph key devices. After hooking them up in my living room, Jimmy and I began to learn Morse Code. Soon we decided that it would be great fun to put one key set in my bedroom and run the wires down the short block to his house. All we needed was enough wire to cross my side yard and the two houses between us and then into his bedroom on the side of his house.

Although we were smart enough to calculate how much wire we needed, we didn't understand anything about electrical resistance. So after spending several days climbing trees and stringing electric cables though our neighbor's yards, our experiment came to naught, as there never was enough power in our system to make it work. But for a few days there, while we were scavenging for empty pop bottles to turn in for their deposits, which we used to buy the wire, well, those were exciting times for us two young Marconi's.

178

My dad's guns

Out on the enclosed back porch at our Villa Street house was a gun case that my dad made. It was about six feet tall, four feet square, and made of varnished plywood. It was always locked with a mysterious combination lock that had no numbers on it. My dad never showed me how to unlock it, and when he died I had to tear the case apart to get it open. I still have that old lock, but I have never figured out how to open it.

When I was around ten years old my dad took me out to the country and taught me how to shoot his smaller 16 guage shotgun. He would launch clay pigeons into the air with a hand sling that was made for just such practice. My dad also had a short-barreled .22 caliber rifle that I used for target practice as well.

On Sunday mornings in the fall we would get up before sunrise, and put on our hunting clothes and boots before attending the earliest mass at St. Joe's church. Then we would go out to a farm that was owned by the family of my friend, John Gazdic, and John would usually go hunting with us, as would my dad's friend Bill Mall. Pheasants were our primary objectives, but if we saw a rabbit running away, they were fair game as well.

My brother Mike "hunting"

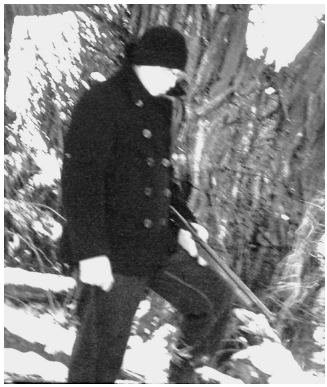
I never hit a pheasant myself, but one morning I shot a large rabbit. The old hunting jacket that my dad had found for me had a pouch in back that was used to store any game that we shot, and that was where I put the rabbit that I had just killed. Now if you've ever been around a freshly shot rabbit, you know that their muscle reflexes continue to make them twitch long after they are dead. That rabbit on my back did just that. It twitched on and off for at least an hour.

I'll never forget the feeling of that poor dead rabbit kicking me in the back. It left such a strong impression on me that never again have I killed an animal. For the few years after that incident, whenever I went hunting with my dad, I always pulled my shot and missed every time that I had an opportunity. My dad never figured out why I was so good at shooting clay pigeons but always missed when the target was a live animal. Or if he did figure it out he never said anything about it to me.

The gun that my dad used was one that our Uncle Warren had won in a "turkey shoot" many years before. It was a double-barreled 12 gage shotgun that was called a Long Tom, and apparently was a collector's item that dad's friends were always offering to buy from him. In a way, it was our family's oldest heirloom. I only shot it a

few times myself, because it had such a powerful kick it was too much for me to handle at the time.

There were a few other guns in that old cabinet that I took apart after my dad died. The one that I most enjoyed handling and cleaning was a chrome plated five-shot revolver. It had once belonged to my Aunt Marguerite, who had been Uncle Warren's common-law wife back in the 1930s.



Joe Hagerty circa 1956

To be honest, those old guns of my dad's were very precious to me, as they brought back memories of some of the best times that my father and I had ever shared. And those memories still warm my mind on lonely nights when I think about my dad. He died in 1975, and I still think about him every day. There have been many times that I would have loved to get out one of his guns and clean it. I recall the evenings when Dad and I would sit, listening to a radio program, and clean those old guns. However, after he died I decided that I didn't want any firearms in my house, and so I gave them all away. I have no idea where they are today. Hopefully they are being safely held in someone else's gun cabinet, one with a good lock.

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The sailing team

At the time I became a student at the University of Notre Dame I had never even been on a sailboat. By my fourth year I was the captain of the sailing team, the vice-commodore of the Midwest Collegiate Sailing Association (MCSA), and

Sailing at Notre Dame

the head sailing instructor at the Houston Yacht Club. Thinking back on those years of traveling with our team brings back enough memories to fill a book.

On weekends during the fall and spring semesters, six members of the sailing team would travel to lakes from Wisconsin to Maryland and compete with other college teams. And during those years (1960 - 1964) we were one of the most successful athletic teams on campus, placing high in the national rankings during the four consecutive years in which our football team never had even one winning season.

While I am now thinking of quite a few stories to tell about those "regatta weekends," I'm only going to tell the one that came to mind and prompted me to jot this down just now. It was a fall regatta hosted by Marquette University, and it was held at the Racine Yacht Club in Wisconsin.

Fortunately, for the first two years of my involvement with the sailing team, a couple of our team members lived off campus and had cars. So they furnished our transportation to regattas. But during my last two years none of us had a car. However, I had gotten our Athletic Director, Moose Krause, to become our team sponsor by becoming friends with his secretary during visits where I would update the athletic department about our latest wins and losses. Her name was Elenore van Der Hagen, and she and I exchanged semi-annual letters for almost twenty years after I graduated.

Moose Krause was a legend at Notre Dame. He not only lettered in three major sports, was a three-time basketball all-American, and an all-American football player under Knute Rockne, he also graduated cum laude, which is no small feat at Norte Dame. Moose was loved not only by Notre Dame alumni, but by the entire sports world as well. And he was a celebrity in South Bend, Indiana, home to the Studebaker Automobile plant. It was Moose who arranged for the sailing team to borrow a new Studebaker on regatta weekends. But in my senior year, Studebaker went out of business. The week

that happened it caught Moose off guard, and he wasn't able to borrow a car for us to use that weekend to get to Racine, Wisconsin for the regatta.

That Friday afternoon found six of us standing near the entrance to the Toll Road, trying to hitch a ride into Chicago and then on to Racine. Over time, all of us got picked up and miraculously caught rides through Chicago and on to Wisconsin without too much trouble. And we made it on time for our first race on Saturday morning. To be honest, I don't recall anything at all about the regatta itself. It was the party on Saturday night that is still clear in my mind, however. At least part of it is clear.

ND sailing team takes the lead

The main thing that I remember about the party itself was that it was held in the bar at the Racine Yacht Club, and that the bartender boasted that he could serve us a different sour-tasting drink every 30 minutes without ever repeating a drink. We tested him, and he won.

Dave Herlihy looks on as Marty Meyer and Lorenzo have a snack

Sometime around midnight we decided that we'd better get some sleep, because our first race was to begin at eight o'clock the next morning. Wanting to take a little booze with us back to where we were staying for the night, we had the bartender fill a huge glass jug, formerly

a pickle jar, with beer. By the time we reached someone's car in the fenced-in parking lot, it was obvious to Marty Meyer and me that no one was in good enough shape to drive.

So Marty places the big jar of beer on the hood and then puts his shoulder against the left headlight, telling the driver that he wasn't going to let him go forward because he was too drunk to drive. Immediately, I got the bright idea that while Marty could keep him from going forward, there was nothing to keep him from going up. Bright guy that I am, I climbed onto the top of the car, facing forward and with my arms stretched out holding the sides. The driver completely ignores us and stepped on the gas. Marty bounced off to the side, and I realize for the first time that there actually isn't a good way to hold on to the top of a speeding car.

Almost immediately, we were at the end of the parking lot, and it was closed off by a chain link fence. The driver hit the brakes. The jar of beer floated through the air in front of the car. And, looking like Superman, flying through the air with my arms outstretched, I appeared to my friends inside the car to be trying to catch the jar of beer before it hit the ground. They, of course, cheered me on. Then I hit the ground.

Things got a little crazy for a while after that. The driver at first got out and began to run back to where Marty was still lying on the ground and moaning. (Later he told me that he had been faking it just to get some sympathy.) But about half-way back to Marty, our very drunk driver stopped in his tracks and ran up to where I was lying. My suit coat was in tatters, and there was some blood on my shirt from where I had skidded on the pavement.

I probably don't need to mention this here, but I was really drunk too. Thinking that I'd teach him a lesson for throwing me off the car, I pretended to have passed out. In his panic to see if I was still alive, he gave me a kick in the ribs. It worked, and I screamed with the pain of what I later learned was a cracked rib.

On Sunday afternoon, a couple friends from other schools gave the six of us a ride as far as Chicago's loop, but it took until late that night before I caught a ride to Gary, Indiana and then another to South Bend. Since it was after curfew by the time that I got back to campus, I had to spend a painful night sleeping on a friend's couch off-campus. I can't remember for sure, but my guess is that I cut my classes that following morning. And while this wasn't the most eventful regatta weekend during my college years, it remains one of the most memorable, but in ways that I hope I can now forget.

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Dwight Long

In 1965 I dropped out of my second semester in law school to work as a crew member on a square-rigged sailing ship under the command of Captain Alan Villiers on a crossing from L.A. to Honolulu. One of the members of our crew for that crossing was Dwight Long.

During our three week crossing Dwight and I became good friends, and he told me about his exploits during World War Two. Before the U.S. entered in the war, Dwight had been sailing single-handed around the world and was resting in Hawaii when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. I no longer remember the exact details, but Dwight shortly wound up as a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy and became involved in the photographic documentation of navy activities in the Pacific. He is best known as the camera man for much of the footage

Dwight Long takes Mary & Chris for their first sail

that was shot on the USS Yorktown that later found its way to the big screen in the movie "The Fighting Lady". He was also the technical director of that film.

At the time I knew him, Dwight was the owner of the Cameo Shop on Main Street in Disneyland. Several years after our Pacific crossing together, I wound up in the navy myself, based in San Diego. So one weekend Mary, Chris, and I went to visit Dwight at his home in Venice Beach. The highlight of the day was when he took us all out on his sailboat. I think that was the first time that Mary and Chris had ever sailed, and I've always been happy that it was a man who in some circles was a legend who gave them that experience.

181
A collision at sea

That is a picture of the USS Oriskany (CVA-34) that I took 50 years ago on October 3, 1967. I took the picture shortly before we came alongside her to refuel, unrep we called it.

At the time, I was the CIC officer on a navy destroyer, the USS Hopewell (DD-681), and for the previous two days we had been steaming in company with two other destroyers. The three of us were providing protection for the Oriskany, an aircraft carrier, and we were on our way from Sasebo, Japan to Yankee Station in the Tonkin Gulf. We had been maintaining a speed of 27 knots for almost all that time. At that rate of speed, our old World War Two era destroyer

was running low on fuel. So our little convoy slowed down to let the Oriskany refuel us. We were just entering the South China Sea, about midway between Taiwan and the northern-most island of the Philippines.

When it was our turn, we came alongside the Oriskany to take on fuel. It was around 3:30 on a beautiful sunny afternoon when the two fuel hoses were slid over to us on the high wires that we had rigged between our two ships, and we began receiving fuel fore and aft. As the Combat Information Center officer, the CIC officer, my duty during unreps was essentially to do nothing other than sit in CIC along with some of the men of my division. Other than one man watching the long range radar, no one else had any significant function to perform.

Most of the men were gathered around the chart table, where our chief petty officer was presiding with his tales of what it was like in the OLD NAVY, as if being on one of the navy's oldest functioning destroyers wasn't old navy enough. I was over near the electronic countermeasures equipment, sitting on a tall stool. I don't know what the men were talking about, but I was day-dreaming about my pregnant wife back in San Diego. You see, that day also happened to be our first wedding anniversary, and yet we were thousands of miles apart.

Now I want to interrupt my little story here and mention something that military families already know quite well. You see, whenever you hear someone thanking a service member for their sacrifices, if you haven't been in the military yourself, you may think that with the big new bases and modern ships that their physical sacrifices are minimal. But the REAL sacrifice service members and their families make isn't physical, it is the long separations from one another that are the hardest sacrifices. And when there is also the danger of war involved, the mental pain of separations is even greater.

So there I was, lost in a melancholy reverie. After we had been alongside and receiving fuel from the Oriskany for about a half an hour, the 1MC ship-wide loudspeaker system came alive, and we heard the voice of our captain shouting, "STAND BY FOR COLLISION!" Before we could even begin to comprehend what he was saying, there was a huge crunching sound as we hit the Oriskany's starboard side, and then all of the lights in CIC went out. Along with most of the men, I was thrown to the floor and for a brief moment, until our emergency lighting came on, I was as afraid as I've ever been. We had no idea what had happened.

I'll spare you the minute details, but basically what had happened was that the big electric motor that drove our huge rudder, and it was a single rudder ship, well, that motor dropped off line and caused us to loose steering. But if you've ever been on the bridge of a ship during an unrep, you know that even a few degrees change in the helm doesn't kick in immediately. And so it took a half a minute or so before the people on the bridge realized that they had no steering. By the time they understood that they had lost control of the ship, there was no time left for an emergency disconnect of the fuel hoses.

We scraped down the side of the Oriskany, rocking into it and back again, throwing us around, and in the dark of CIC I'm sure that I wasn't the only one who was wondering if my end was near. On deck, I later learned, there was a hectic race to get out of the way of the stretching fuel hoses and the big wires holding them up. The collision was so violent that it tripped our boilers off line, causing us to lose all power. And as we bounced down her side, dead in the water, fuel began to gush out of the hoses as the wires snapped and great chunks of our super structure were twisted and torn off. Fortunately, the hole that was punctured in our hull was far enough above our waterline that we could proceed on our own to Subic Bay in the Philippines for repairs before returning to the Tonkin Gulf. Amazingly, there were no significant injuries among our crew.

Now there are two more little pieces of that story that I still have to tell. The first is the fact that, only moments before we collided

with the carrier, she had raised her aircraft elevator that had been lowered when we first came alongside. Had that elevator still been down when we had the collision, it would have scraped off most of the superstructure of my ship right at the deck line . . . including the Combat Information Center where I had been so lazily dreaming only a few minutes earlier. The raising of that elevator may have saved my life.

But there is another thing that raising that elevator brought about. Had it still been down when we hit, not only would it have scraped our deck clean, it would have caused enough damage to the Oriskany that it, too, would have had to break off from its mission at Yankee Station and head to Subic Bay for repairs. As it was, we sustained most of the damage, and the Oriskany managed to do their less extensive repairs while still at sea and continue on with her mission.

Twenty-three days later, while out on Yankee Station, the Oriskany launched another of its daily air strikes on North Viet Nam, but one of its pilots didn't return on that day. He was shot down and held a prisoner for the next five years. His name is John McCain.

Many years later our paths crossed once again, actually it was our swords that crossed that time, but that's another story.

182

Another sea story

Here in the States, there is a National Holiday called Veteran's Day, and it is held in honor of the six percent of our population who are military veterans. If you include their families as well, a lot of people participate on this day in remembering their loved ones who have been or now are in military service.

But I don't want to be too serious here and sound like a lot of other commentators about our veterans. Instead, I want to tell a little story about where I was and what I was doing 50 years ago on Veterans' Day. And I also want to talk about one of my former brothers-in-arms, a man who always brings a smile to my face when I think about him. His name is T.D. Sullivan, and he is, without a

doubt, one of the most memorable characters that I've ever become friends with.

I first met T.D. at Officer Candidate School in 1966. On my first Sunday night there, it was my job to empty the trash cans in each of the rooms that were occupied by the members of our company. When I got to T.D.'s room, I found him passed out on his bunk, which was strange because for our first month we were restricted to the base and alcohol was off limits. His trash can gave him away, however, because it was filled with a half-dozen or more empty bottles of mouthwash, the kind that had some alcohol in it. Apparently, by drinking a lot of mouthwash, he was able to get a buzz on. Two of our new classmates helped me get T.D. into a shower to sober him up. I knew right then that we would become good friends.

Ltjg T.D. Sullivan, ALLNAV!

I was 23 years old at the time, and T.D. was a couple of years older than me. We were not only the two oldest guys in our company, we were also the most out of shape. At OCS, the rule was that our entire company had to jog as a group from one building to wherever the next class was. Within a few days we got in trouble because T.D. and I were always way behind the rest of the group. The solution, of course, was to put the two of us up front to set a slow enough pace that we stayed together as a group, although we were the slowest company by far.

One other thing about T.D., he was in OCS because of a big misunderstanding. Back in his home town of Wichita, Kansas, he was in the Navy Reserve, after first serving four years of active duty as an enlisted electronics technician. After one long weekend of

drinking with his best friend, who also happened to be a Navy recruiter, T.D. signed up for Officer Candidate School with the understanding that after four months at OCS he would return to his reserve unit in Wichita as an officer.

For reasons we can only guess at, what he actually signed up for was another four years of active duty after he received his commission. The entire time we were at OCS he was submitting letters and forms trying to get out of his four-year commitment. It didn't work, however, and after graduation he was ordered to report to the aircraft carrier *Constellation* in San Diego. My orders were also to San Diego, to the destroyer *Hopewell*, where I was to be the officer in charge of the electronic technicians, who all turned out to be as crazy as T.D.

Uncle Dave, Kelly, Chris, Lorenzo, T.D. and Katie - St. Patrick's Day in Houston

I got released from active duty about six months before T.D. did, but he then followed me to the University of Houston, where we both received Doctor of Jurisprudence degrees and began practicing law, but with different firms. I'd like to divert here to some stories about our participation in some Saint Patrick's Day parades in T.D.'s four-door Lincoln Continental convertible, but I've already gone on too long and haven't even gotten to the story that I want to tell you.

So, let's go back fifty years, to November 11, 1967. For the past six days our destroyer had been operating independently in I Corp, just below the DMZ in Viet Nam. Our mission was to provide gun fire support for the 12th Marine Regiment who were engaged in firefights along the coast. At midnight, as that day 50 years ago began, our ship began firing one five inch shell every minute at

locations sent to us by the Marines. It was called H&I, Harassment and Interdiction fire.

At midnight we were firing to port, which offered my best chance to catch a little sleep. You see, Pete Bittle and I shared a state room on the port side. Our room was tiny but it was orders of magnitude more comfortable than the enlisted crew's accommodations. Our bunk beds were right against the side of the ship, and my top bunk only allowed about twenty inches of headroom, preventing me from being able to sit up in my bunk. We each also had a tall locker for our clothes and a desk that we shared. It was a small room with only enough floor space for one of us to stand at a time, but, as I said, it was a five star hotel compared to what our crew had to put up with.

There were two major downsides to our cabin, however. One was the fact that just forward of us was the ammunition handling room for our number two gun mount. And whenever the big guns were being fired, that room was manned by several strong sailors whose job it was to take the big projectiles, along with a huge brass casing filled with powder, and send them up a deck and into the gun mount that would send the 55-pound projectile up to 18,000 feet from the ship. It was hot and noisy work, but somehow Pete and I got used to the noise and were able to get a little sleep even during the long nights of H&I firing.

Eventually, our ship had to reverse course and begin firing to starboard. That caused another problem with our sleep. When the number two gun mount was fired to starboard, the large, heavy brass shell casing that had held the explosive that sent the projectile flying would be ejected through the bottom of the gun mount where it would crash onto the deck. You can probably imagine how loud that sound was when the empty casing crashed into the metal deck only 20 inches from where I was trying to sleep. And that is how I spent the first four hours of Veterans' Day, fifty years ago. According to a copy of our deck log for that day, we expended almost 400 rounds that night.

During the day we continued to provide fire support for the Marines, expending another 100 or so rounds at various times and in various locations along the coast in I Corps. That evening we were detached from the gun line and proceeded to Yankee Station, which was in the South China Sea about 50 miles from North Viet Nam. Our orders were to join Task Group 77.4. It was just before midnight on that same day that we joined four other destroyers who were providing a screen to protect the largest U.S. carrier in the Gulf of Tonkin at that time. It was the *USS Constellation*.

Signalman on the Hopewell 1967

At midnight I went on watch on the bridge of the *Hopewell*. Recently, I had qualified to be an Officer of the Deck, the OD, and so I became the senior officer of the ship who was awake and in charge during that midwatch. As an aside here, let me say that the responsibility that I felt to be the OD on a navy destroyer in a war zone, with over 300 men who trusted me to not make any mistakes for the next four hours while they slept, was the greatest responsibility that I've ever had to respond to.

About an hour after I began my watch, the forward lookout let us know that we were receiving a signal from the *Constellation*. At the time we were under radio silence, and so all of the communications between our little group of ships had to be done by flashing light. As it happened, we were the only destroyer who was in a position to see the flashing light coming from the carrier. I immediately began to worry that a signal would be given to reorient our screen, and our ship would be responsible for coordinating it. As a new OD, and the

junior one at that, I sensed that my first big challenge as a destroyer-man was about to take place.

Our signal man decoded the message and, with a puzzled voice, said, "They want to know if there is anyone on the bridge called the Gouge."

I'll cut to the chase here. Back at Officer Candidate School, the nickname that T.D. had given me was the Gouge. (How that came about is a long story that we don't have time for here, but it isn't important to this story.) As soon as I heard that name come from our signal man, I ***knew*** that T.D. was on the bridge of the *Connie*. As it turned out, he had recently received his own qualification as OD. So that crazy, drunken Irish madman was, at least for the length of this watch, in charge of this massive aircraft carrier out here in the Tonkin Gulf. And here I was doing the same job on a destroyer providing protection for him. For the next 30 minutes or so, using our signal-men's flashing light code skills, T.D. and I exchanged information about our favorite bars in Olongapo and Hong Kong. I still wonder what the other destroyers were thinking about the long series of signals between us and the *Constellation.*

R&R in Olongapo

There's more to this story, but my point here has to do with Veterans' Day and the military. Today, when I think about the women and men in our nation's armed services, I keep in mind that they are people not all that different than T.D. and I were back then. When we first arrived at OCS, as any petty officer can tell you, we didn't know shit from Shinola. But the military has a way to train and inspire people who were like T.D. and I, civilian goof-offs with bad attitudes about authority. In a very short period of time, the Navy turned the

two of us into people who, when they had to, were extremely well trained and could act like responsible people capable of doing very difficult and dangerous things. The military gets the credit for that, not T.D. and me.

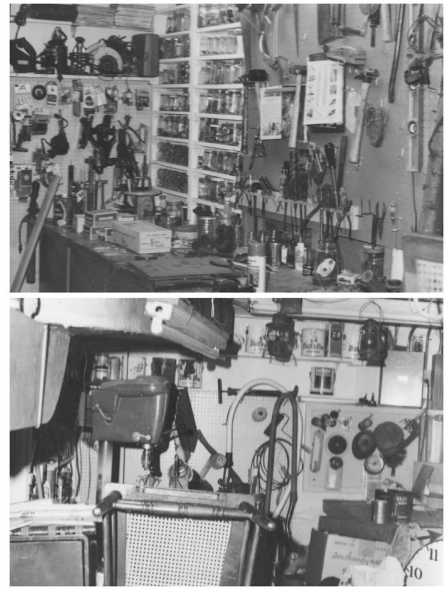
Although I rose to the rank of lieutenant commander while still in the reserves and going to law school, I was not in any way cut out for the commitment and discipline that it takes to be a truly professional military person. And it is to those great men and women and their families that I dedicate Veterans' Day each year.

183

Bowling with my dad

When my dad returned from World War Two I followed him around like a shadow. Since he worked six days a week, as well as Monday nights, at J.C. Penney's, I didn't see a lot of him during the week. But on Sundays, after mass and a family breakfast, dad and I would head down to the basement, where he always had a project underway.

Usually my only job was to hold the ends of boards that he was cutting. But the big attraction, in addition to being able to spend time with my dad, was listening along with him to his favorite radio programs. The main one that I clearly remember coming into our basement by way of the little ivory-colored, plastic radio up on the shelf over his workbench was "The Shadow." Like most people who listened to radio programs in the 40s and 50s, in my mind I can still hear the announcer saying, "Who knows



My dad's basement workshop

what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows," which was then followed by maniacal laughter.

Even as I got older, I spent most Sunday afternoons in the basement with my dad. One day, as I was running a suction pump to drain a small flood in the old coal bin, I heard for the first time one of my dad's sayings from his Navy days when he shouted, "Back 'er down. She's sucking mud." From then on that saying became one that our family used for all kinds of occasions requiring someone or something to stop doing whatever it was that they were doing.

Even when I was in high school, my dad and I found ways to spend a little time together. At the time, even though my dad wasn't a member of their organization, he was on the bowling team for the Knights of Columbus. After his first month on the team, one of the other members dropped out. So my dad convinced the team to add me, which they did. And so it was that during the last three years of the 1950s, I was the only teenager playing in our little town's bowling league.

184

Burning down an outhouse

Next to my parents, the most important person in my life during my early years was my Aunt Anne Fox. She was my mother's oldest sister, and she remained unmarried throughout her life. After my grandparents died, Anne became the owner of our house at 254 Villa Street, the only place that, to this day, I still think of as home.

Until I was about twelve years old, Anne taught school in a one-room school house where all eight grades were taught. Whenever there was a religious holiday at my grade school, I would accompany Anne to her school and experience what it was like to go to a small, country school with everyone in just a single, undivided room.

The thing that I remember most clearly about the old Lindberg School where she taught out on Shoe Factory Road was the playground swing. Like most swings the seats were suspended in a circle and were balanced at the top on a center pole. Unlike most

swings, however, there were no supports to keep the seated swingers from crashing into the center pole as it began swaying back and forth as it went around. More than once I barely avoided having my legs crushed between the swing seat and the center pole as we spun around. I even had a few nightmares about that.

The other thing that I remember about Lindberg school were the field trips that I got to take with Anne and her students. The annual visit to the Haeger Pottery factory in Dundee was always fun because we got to try molding our own creations on a pottery wheel. And we all were gifted with big hunks of clay to take home with us.

When I was seven years old Anne transferred back to the Schaumburg School School District where she again taught all eight grades in a one-room school house. On weekends she had the additional task of doing the school's janitorial work. So I often would accompany her on the fifteen mile drive to her school and help her do the cleaning. While I was still in grade school she taught me to drive on the little-used country roads between Elgin and Schaumburg. So I began my driving career by breaking the law, long before getting my license. That may have been the first law I ever broke, but I didn't let it be the last. In fact, there still are a few more laws that I intend on breaking before I die. But Anne gave me a good start!

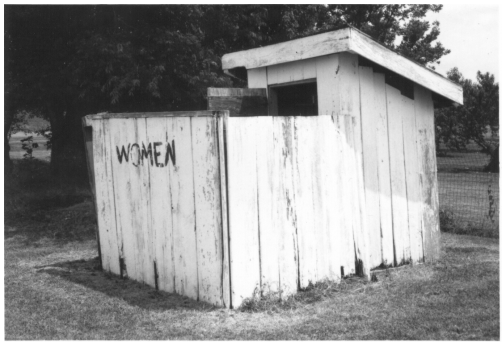
The one-room Schaumburg school where Aunt Anne taught

I was always fascinated when I got to watch Anne in action, teaching all eight grades in one small room. To say that she was a great teacher is an understatement. Eventually, the school district grew, and Anne was offered any job that she wanted, including

superintendent of schools. But Anne wasn't about administration. She was a teacher, a fantastic teacher who chose to teach only first grade from then until she retired.

In 1967, while she was still teaching first grade, the school district honored her by naming their new 25 room school the Anne Fox School. As far as I know, this was the only instance of a school in that district being named after someone who was still teaching. A plaque outside the school library quotes Anne as saying, "To open the eyes of a child to the wonders and beauty of the world is a privilege and joy forever."

My most memorable visit to one of Anne's schools, however, took place when I was about ten years old, and I was helping her clean the old Schaumburg school. We had collected all of the paper from the waste baskets into one big container, and Anne told me to take it outside and burn it in the trash barrel as I always did. But on that particular day it was quite windy. So she said to be sure to move the burn barrel behind the boys' outhouse to keep it out of the wind. Unfortunately for both me and the outhouse, I thought that she meant to put it inside the little area outside the outhouse door that was created by an L-shaped wall that kept people from seeing directly into the outhouse.



Only the girls' outhouse was left

As you have guessed, it didn't take long for the entire outhouse to catch fire, and it required the assistance of the local volunteer firemen to put out. Obviously, I was humiliated. But it did provide a great deal of laughter at our family gatherings for many years to come. Until I graduated from college I hated that story, but today I find it as funny as my parents and Anne did back in the days of Little Larry.

185
Science projects

When I was in high school, each year I participated in what were called "science fairs." These were events that began at the school level and then progressed to district and state-wide contests between budding teen scientists.

In my first year I built a crude version of an anemometer. In my opinion, it wasn't a very good project, one that I more or less threw together at the last minute. But my presentation skills (i.e. my ability to spew bullshit at the judges) won me a trip to the district fair. The next year I studied the effects of gibberellic acid on the germination speed of certain seeds. Actually, I had little understanding of what I was doing, but years later I discovered that serious scientists had then begun similar studies. In an earlier story I already discussed my senior year project, a Tesla coil, which took me all the way to the state science fair. I told that story back in chronicle 153.

It was my junior year science project that now stands out, however. That was the year that I studied chemistry, and so I had to do a project in that field. I picked explosives. My first step was to write to the Dupont Company and ask for information about some of the explosives that they manufactured. Much to my surprise, they replied with detailed instructions on how to formulate various explosive chemicals. On top of that, they even mailed a sample of one of their less powerful, but functional nonetheless, explosives. Today, sending explosives through the postal service will land a person in jail, but that obviously wasn't the case in 1959.

My favorite explosive at the time, one whose name I can no longer recall, was considered to be the most unstable chemical explosive of them all. Mr. Nelson, my chemistry teacher, helped me create it. After combining certain chemicals, a precipitate would fall out of the mixture, and we would place small amounts of it on blotter paper to dry out. After a little experimenting, we learned to first soak a little sugar water into the paper before adding the wet explosive precipitate. Then we would put it on an open window sill and wait

for the flies to come. The tiny impact of a fly touching down on the spot with the explosive was enough to set it off with a tiny little spark, which almost always killed the fly. I thought that we should market it as a new kind of fly paper, but saner heads prevailed.

186

My scariest plane flight

I've been fortunate to have flown on a wide variety of airplanes. On top of that I even obtained a commercial pilot's license. Of course, it was restricted to only flying hot air balloons. My first flight was with my uncle Jack (John Fox) in his Piper Cub. My dad was with me too. That was in the early 1950s.

My beautiful balloon Iris

My first commercial flight was from Chicago's Midway Airport to Champaign, Illinois. Along with me were two friends, and we were visiting the University of Illinois to see if we wanted to apply there. We flew to Champaign and back in a twin engine DC-3, complete with flight attendants who at the time were called stewardesses. Then during the summer before my sophomore year in college I flew on a Ford Tri-Motor, which I wrote about in chronicle 150. In my various professional "careers" I flew several hundreds of thousands of miles and had more than one frightening moment in the air.

The most frightened that I've ever been on an airplane, however, was in the Summer of 1967, the Summer of Love. I was in the Navy, and the ship that I was assigned to had already departed for duty in Viet Nam. I missed the departure because I was still in the hospital in San Diego recovering from a ruptured appendix. The plan was for

me to fly to Hawaii and catch up with them when they stopped to refuel.

So I caught a plane out of Los Angeles that was to fly directly to Honolulu. It was a large plane, a Boeing 707 I think, and it was fully booked, not an empty seat. About an hour after we took off, much to my surprise, they served free champagne to everyone on the plane, not just to those in first class. I had an aisle seat near the back and on the left side. Soon after the flight attendants rolled the drink cart behind me, the plane began to move in a very strange manner. It was sliding from side to side as if it were the bottom of a pendulum, and we were obviously losing altitude at the same time.

This sickening falling/sliding feeling went on, and on, and on, and on. Then the obviously worried co-pilot ran to the back of our cabin, pulled out a piece of the ceiling and did something with a wire cutter. If you want to know what I felt at that moment, just ask yourself how *you* would feel at that moment, and then amplify it by ten.

Across from me and one row up were three high ranking naval officers, two commanders and one captain. All three were wearing aviator wings above their military awards. Instinctively, I looked to see how they were treating this situation. If they were calm and still joking and laughing, as they had been moments earlier, I figured that I could then relax a bit. What I saw, however, put me even more into a panic. The captain, whose chest was covered with medals, and who was also a pilot, made the Catholic sign of the cross as if he was saying his final prayers.

This situation lasted for several minutes, and all the time we could see the ocean getting closer as we swung from side-to-side. Later we were told that we were only a few thousand feet from the sea when the pilot finally gained control. He said that there had been a malfunction in one of the controls and that the plane had gone into what he called a Dutch Roll. It took over two hours for us to regain altitude, dump much of the fuel and then land back in Los Angeles.

The landing part was scary as well, because the pilot was using some kind of alternative control system. Firetrucks and foam trucks lined the runway, and we were told to put our heads down and between our knees for landing. As it turned out, the landing was perfect with hardly a bump.

As we left the plane the pilot and co-pilot greeted every passenger as we left. I still remember seeing this man who was somewhat shorter than me, a little stout, and with a huge smile on his face. As we shook hands I asked him if he would be flying the new plane that they were sending. He said yes. Had he said no I may have gone AWOL, because at that moment in time this was the ONLY pilot that I was going to trust, after all, he got us back down safely!

The airline put us in a private room and provided us with all of the free booze we wanted. Needless to say, there weren't many sober passengers who boarded the new plane a few hours later. This was during the age when it was standard to have machines selling flight insurance in most airports. There was one such machine in the private lounge we were in, and people were using it as if it were a slot machine.

After our smooth landing, and as we were taxing to the terminal, the woman who was sitting next to me told me how impressed she was with my steel nerves during our scary descent. I asked her what she meant, and she said, "Look, you still haven't even spilled a drop of your champagne." That was when I realized that my instincts must have taken over and kept me from spilling my drink, just as I had done so often on sailboats in rough water. I didn't let on that my glass was still full because I had been in a panic and didn't even realize what I was doing. Instead, I just smiled, said "cheers," and finished my champagne.

187
Kite flying

I still like the feel of a kite string in my hands. Some of my earliest childhood memories are of my dad teaching me about the

importance of a good cloth tail on a kite and how to properly launch one on a day with little wind. When I was around twelve years old I bought some balsa wood and wrapping tissue and built a kite of my own design. It wasn't actually any different from the ones sold in stores, but it was significantly bigger. And on it, in yellow paint, I wrote its name, "Pat's Pride." Patrick, you see, was my Christian confirmation name, and I used it a lot to show that I was Irish.

In the Spring of 1967, while my ship was training in preparation for our WestPac cruise to Viet Nam, whenever I was off duty Mary, Chris, and I took advantage of many of the free things that families could do back then in San Diego. One of our favorite outings was to have a picnic at Mission Bay and then Chris and I would fly his kite. Not long ago, Chris and I were talking about what we still call our Navy Days, and he asked me if I remembered that cool rotating kite that we flew at Mission Beach. That really brought a smile to my face, because it is also one of my favorite times with Chris when he was young. He wasn't even four years old back then, and he is over fifty today, yet with all of those years we've had together, flying kites is one of our more treasured, shared memories.

Lorenzo & Chris flying a kite circa 1967

188
Dynasty Computer Corporation

It is hard to decide which of my stories about Dynasty are worth writing about, but one of my favorite ones took place a year or so after the company was taken over by a venture capital firm that transformed it into a telephone sales company.

When personal computers were still quite new, Dynasty used the hand-holding techniques of multi-level marketing to demonstrate the

benefits of these new home devices. At the time, the field of PCs was so new that Dynasty received mention in several national publications, including *The Wall Street Journal* and *Forbes Magazine* which said:

> [Hagerty] also ran a sales training company but wanted to get into the computer business, so he combined his interests and founded Dynasty, a company that emphasizes the "personal" in personal computers. Hagerty, 40, already has 3,000 salespeople selling his machines . . .
>
> Dynasty is not to be taken lightly. Hagerty, who flies hot air balloons in his spare time "to get away from high technology," started the company in 1980. During its first year Dynasty did over $1 million in business, and he is expanding rapidly enough to require a sales force of 5,000 people in 17 states by year's end.

That story appeared in the May 23, 1983 edition of *Forbes*. However, two years earlier IBM had entered the personal computer market, and upstarts like Dynasty weren't able to compete against them, even though our computers were demonstrably superior in every way. So in December of 1983 we closed our doors and turned our sales force over to the venture capital company that had acquired a majority share in the company.

Lorenzo demonstrating computers circa 1980

Then, in August of 1985, I received a letter from Neil Ford, along with a copy of his new book, *Sales Force Management*. It was the second edition of that book, and over 100 universities were using it in their MBA classes. There was a chapter in the early part of the book that

was titled "Formulation of a Strategic Sales Program," and the case study in that chapter was about Dynasty, which was covered in great detail for several pages.

That November I received a call from a professor at the Southern Methodist University business school who said that his class was studying the Dynasty case study just then. He asked if I would visit the class and answer some of the questions that his students had. I accepted.

It was during the two hours that I spent with that class at SMU that I finally understood the vast difference between being an entrepreneur and running an ongoing business. I was an entrepreneur, and I had launched my company from my home office with less than $1,000. Until IBM forced us out of business it was a great run. Many of us earned a lot of money, and we not only learned about the personal computer business, we actually created it as we were learning. My mistake came in the form of my ego. Since I had started the company from next to nothing, and because of its rapid growth, I thought that I was invincible. The problem was that I didn't know anything about running a fast growing business that suddenly had a national presence.

It is hard to describe the looks on the SMU students' faces when they learned that I had done absolutely no market research before launching my company. I did it all on my gut feeling that personal computers were going to change our lives in ways that no one could yet foresee. It was a deep conviction on my part, and that was the only input I had as to whether this could be a viable business or not. I was an entrepreneur, and I got the ball rolling. What I learned the hard way was that I should have passed that ball on to educated and conservative business people, like those SMU students. That day, talking with those students brought the entire Dynasty experience into focus for me, and that is the day I began writing my first book, *The Art of Becoming an Entrepreneur*.

189
Aloft and furl

My guess is that not many people have heard that command before, at least not when it was an order that they were going to have to act upon. But anyone who has ever served on a square-rigged sailing ship will feel a little tug of fear in their stomachs when they hear it, for they most likely will have first heard that order under less than ideal sailing conditions. I first heard it one stormy night on a three-masted barque that I was crewing on. At the time we were midway between California and Hawaii, being tossed wildly about in a strong gale and a biting rain.

Lyle Galloway on his way up to the topsail yard

If I wanted to, I could do the math and calculate the distance that we would swing as we climbed the mast while the ship rolled rapidly from one side to the other. But high up on an eighty foot pole that is swinging through a wide arc can be quite frightening even without knowing the math involved. We had to hold on for dear life, because when the ship would stop rolling one way and begin swinging to the opposite side, the force of the change in direction could easily have tossed us into the sea.

After reaching the upper sails, we would then have to slide out on the sail's yard arm with our feet on a small rope that was strung underneath it. The rule was one hand for the ship and one hand for yourself. But on the night of that storm we often had to use both hands for ourselves just to keep from being thrown off. That was the aloft part. Next came the furling, or rolling up, of the sail and tying it in a tight roll on the top of the yard.

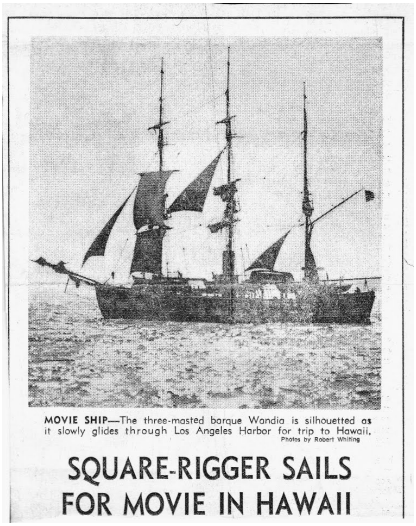
During daylight hours we could usually see squalls and storms approaching and thus could get the sails taken in, furled, before the

wind and rain hit us. But sometimes at night these storms would sneak up on us, and the particular night that I'm thinking of right now was one of those nights. Even today, when I look down at my hands while I'm typing, I flash back to that stormy night at sea, high up at the end of the topgallant yard, the great force of the wildly swinging mast trying to throw me into the sea, and remember those hands holding on with all of my strength. I clearly remember thinking at the time how important our hands are. In that moment of peril, all that lay between me and my death were my hands. I thank them every day.

190
Train rides

It must have been in late 1945 that I had my first train ride, and I told that story back in chronicle 79, "Always a sailor." During my childhood, my Aunt Anne took me into downtown Chicago by train several times a year. In May of 1960, along with my high school class, I took the train from Chicago to New York City, then on to Washington, D.C. with a return back to Chicago. We road in coach the entire way, but as I remember it we all had a great time on the train. Then there were many train rides from Elgin to South Bend during the years that I was studying at Notre Dame.

The longest train ride of my life, and my favorite one of them all, was in January 2013 when I took the train from Los Angeles to Chicago to Washington, D.C. and return. The occasion was my son Dan's wedding. The trip took three and a half days, each way. This meant that I spent more time on the train than I did in D.C. On my way home I took some video on the Chicago to California segment and posted it on Vimeo.com under the title "Chicago to the Coast." That little ten minute video will give you a good idea of what traveling by train was like in early 21st century America.



MOVIE SHIP—The three-masted barque Wandia is silhouetted as it slowly glides through Los Angeles Harbor for trip to Hawaii. Photos by Robert Whiting

SQUARE-RIGGER SAILS FOR MOVIE IN HAWAII

I hadn't thought of it until just now, but the very first time that I came to California was also by train. Although I was then half way through my second semester of law school at the University of Houston, I dropped out to join Captain Alan Villiers on a Pacific crossing in a square-rigged sailing ship. Within two days of receiving a telegram from Villiers inviting me to join his crew, I had dropped out of law school, moved out of my apartment, stored my furniture and books in a friend's garage, put my car up on blocks, and caught the train for Los Angeles, where I was to join the ship.

I rode in coach and brought some food with me. Everything that I had with me was in a sea bag that I never let out of my sight, and the sum total of all the money that I had was $1.87. Dan Brosnan, one of the college friends I mentioned in chronicle 12, picked me up at the train station and took me to the port in San Pedro, where I began one of the great adventures of my life, working as a stunt man in the movie *Hawaii* with Julie Andrews, Richard Harris, Max von Sydow, and Gene Hackman . . . more about that in a future volume.

191

My early political power

I was a true geek in high school, and in my senior year I was both class vice-president and the president of the student council. Now you wouldn't think that a lowly student council president has much power, but as you've already learned about life, everything is relative.

It was in the Fall of 1959, my last year in high school, and our football team wasn't doing very well. As a result, there wasn't a lot of

school spirit about our soon-to-be-played homecoming game with the nearby town of Mendota. To correct that sad situation, I took it to be my duty as the highest student council officer to do something about it.

So, late on the Monday night before the game, my friend Jim McGowan and I broke into the little ground keeper's shack near the football field. We took the machine that was used to paint the chalk lines on the field, and we used it to write a huge capital 'M' that covered the entire middle of the field. The next morning the entire school was all abuzz about those dirty bastards from Mendota who defaced our field. On Tuesday night some of our students went to Mendota and used white paint to deface their main street. It was a huge mess that caused one repercussion after another. Fortunately, no one got suspended, and we actually won the game.

However, word eventually got around that the episode that started this unfortunate turn of events, the chalking of the letter 'M' on our football field, was done by someone from our own school. The superintendent of schools called our school principal in for a chat, and then the two of them called me in to join their meeting. Need I say that, thinking I had been busted, I could see my chances of going to college, along with my entire life, dissolving in front of my eyes.

What they wanted, however, was to ask if I would lead an inquiry into the allegations that it was one of our own students who was at the root of this disgraceful episode in our school's history.

I agreed to investigate.

The mystery was never solved.

192

My beautiful balloon

On my 40th birthday the telephone by our bed rang just after sunrise. My wife quickly answered and whispered to whomever was on the other end that we would be on our way in a few minutes. "On

our way where?" I asked. "Your birthday present is a ride in a hot air balloon, and we've got to meet them at the launch site as soon as we can get there," she replied. One week later I was the proud owner of a beautiful hot air balloon and was taking lessons to learn how to fly it. That was back when my computer company was flying high and money was no object.

Lorenzo flying Iris, hot air balloon N2314H

Eventually I went on to earn a commercial pilot's license and from time to time I would take paying passengers so that I could use the balloon as a tax write-off, treating it as a business. Over the next few years my wife and children were my ground crew and would accompany me to balloon rallies in Texas and Oklahoma. Usually these were held as part of a larger air show, where we got to meet celebrities like Sally Ride, who was the first American woman in space, and Buzz Aldrin, who had walked on the moon.

A month or so before I qualified for my initial license to fly solo, however, my instructor signed on to do a private air show for some rich Texan at his ranch near Dallas. At the last minute, one of the three pilots he had recruited to be a part of the show canceled on him. Not having any other options, he asked me to fly my balloon with them even though I didn't have a license to fly it solo yet. All went well at first, but after about a half an hour the wind died.

The other three balloons were at the edge of a large wooded area and were able to land safely. But when the wind died I was the last in the flight line that we took, and I was right over the middle of the woods. For the next hour I would go up to eight or nine thousand feet and then descend back down to the tree tops. But it didn't help much, as I was still stuck over a thick forest. I was nearly out of fuel in my last propane tank when I drifted over a small clearing near the

center of the forest. Having no other options, I landed in the clearing even though it didn't appear that it would be very easy to get me or my balloon out of the woods.

This was back in the days before cell phones, and we didn't even have radios in our balloons back then. Not knowing what to do, I did nothing at all. I just sat there and wondered what my next move would be. Suddenly, a loud engine noise came in from above. I looked up and there was a small helicopter that had also been part of our little air show. The pilot was able to land in the clearing, and we packed my balloon into the helicopter and flew back to the rest of our group. That was my only helicopter ride, but it wasn't the last close call in my balloon.

When landing a hot air balloon, once it has gently touched the ground, the pilot "pulls the top" out of the balloon. What you may not realize is that the top of a balloon is actually a separate, circular piece of material that is fastened to the sides of the balloon with Velcro fasteners. A rope runs from the top down to the gondola where the pilot can pull it to open the top and release the remaining hot air.

On an evening flight in Dallas one fine spring day, my oldest son, Chris, was my only passenger, and we were having a lovely flight. But as the sun began to set it was imperative that we land. Once again, the wind had died on me, and my only option for a landing spot was on the golf course just below us. I didn't want to land there, because it would mean arguing with the club manager about my right to drive my jeep and trailer to where I landed so that I could retrieve my balloon. But I had no choice.

Even though we were still descending at a faster rate than was safe, I had no choice but to pull the top and get on the ground because the sun had just set. It's against federal law for a hot air balloon to be in the air after sunset. Well, the hot air rushed out of the top of the balloon, and the basket hit the ground with such force that Chris and I were both thrown to the bottom. At first, the

balloon's cloth envelop collapsed and completely surrounded the basket. It then shot back up and dragged us a little way, leaving a huge scar on their beautiful fairway. Amazingly, neither Chris or I were injured, and after a great deal of controversy, the manager of the golf club let us drive in and retrieve my balloon. Without a doubt, that was the worst landing of my flying career.

193
Detasseling corn

While I was in high school I lived in a small town where agriculture was the principle business. For us students it was great, because there was always a lot of work to be had during the Summer months. Corn was one of the big crops in the area, and Del Monte grew primarily hybridized corn to provide larger crop yields than a single variety produced.

To hybridize the crop, two varieties would be planted near one another, but the tassels (which are little flowers that carry the corn's pollen) from one of the varieties would be pulled out of the top of the corn plants so that pollen from the other variety would cross-pollinate the entire field, thus creating a hybrid strain of corn. My first job with Del Monte was on a team who would walk the rows of corn and pull out their tassels and drop them on the ground. It was hot, muddy, and boring work that was usually accompanied by a lot of gnats that flew into our eyes.

As I said in chronicle 148, this was the beginning of my education about the wide variety of people in this world. The first detasseling crew that I was on included several transient workers in their late twenties. They were from the Deep South and had never even gone to high school. They were big bullies and disliked us clean-cut students. I don't care to repeat some of the things that they told us innocents, but I still am revolted by some of the sexual stories that they told. Until then I had been living a very protected existence, but that Summer of 1958 opened my eyes to what life is like for the very poor and uneducated people in this land, and it isn't good.

194
Bullying

My time at school during fifth, sixth, and seventh grades included some of the worst days of my life. At the time my front teeth were very protruding. I had what was called buck teeth. There were some boys a year older than me who teased me mercilessly about the way that I looked. They began calling me woodchuck and woody. I couldn't go anywhere around the school without one of them seeing me and mocking me. What was worse, many of my classmates thought it was funny, and so they joined in.

I was just entering the age where girls were becoming interesting, and having them laugh at me was devastating. At night, after my brother went to sleep in the room that we shared, I would cry myself to sleep. On more that one occasion that I remember, I actually thought that I might as well kill myself. That may be the one thing that I have to thank the Catholic church for, because they made it very clear that suicide was the only sin that could never be forgiven. So I put those thoughts aside out of fear of punishment in some twisted afterlife of some kind.

Today, when I read about a young person who committed suicide because they were being bullied I understand how hopeless their life must have seemed, because I was almost there once myself. Thankfully, when I entered eighth grade the bullies had moved on to high school, and so my last year in grammar school was great. And, strangely, the bullying never began again after that.

195
Big time Chicago lawyer

My inclination for becoming a lawyer began when I was in seventh grade. One of my friends, Tom Devitt, was a year older than me, and his dad was a lawyer who practiced in Chicago. His name

was Gene Devitt. He practiced criminal law and had defended many famous criminals. I remember in his basement recreation room, where I was the boy scout who helped with the cub scout meetings that Gene's wife led, the walls were lined with a series of paintings that provided a 360 degree view from Alcatraz, where one of his former clients was serving time.

In the summer months for several years, Tom and I would catch the train into Chicago with his dad and follow him around from office to court to the private bar association restaurant for lunch, and to a men-only saloon for supper before catching the train back to Elgin. Those were exciting times for me, being in and around all of those judges and lawyers. The thrill of it stuck with me until I became a lawyer myself. Then it became just another job. But here's the surprising thing I'm finding now that I'm thinking back to those days. My clearest memory of those trips was the first time that I saw the Chicago Board of Trade building. Until 1965, it was the tallest building in Chicago, and it was home to the largest commodities trading floor in the country. I remember watching the frenzy on the trading floor, and I remember standing at the end of the block and looking up at the largest building I could imagine. I still get a warm fuzzy every time I see a picture of that historic old building.

196

The military draft

At the end of August 1965 I quit my job as a sailor/stunt man on the two square-rigged ships that were being used in the movie "Hawaii." It was a dream job, but I knew that I had to get back to law school in Houston and renew my draft deferment if I didn't want to wind up in Viet Nam. My first class was in a basement room in the university library. It didn't even have a window. After living on the beach and partying every night in Hawaii, law school had lost its charm. So I walked out of that class, drove directly to the Navy recruiting station and joined. I figured that the Navy would at least be more exciting than spending several years reading law in a dark

library. It wasn't exactly a military deferment, but it was how many of us avoided the draft during the American war in Viet Nam.

At first, the navy told me that I wouldn't be able to attend Officer Candidate School until the following September. I couldn't believe my luck. I was safe from the draft and had almost an entire year in which to enjoy myself before entering the Navy. Or so I thought.

I made arrangements with Howard Cole, a retired bank president that I knew from working at the yacht club, to fly to Tahiti and sail his boat back to Houston. The trip would take most of the time that I had left before the Navy owned me. But before I could finalize my plans with Howard, things began to come unraveled. The Draft Board sent me an induction notice. I'll spare you the details, but after many meetings over many days it became apparent that the navy's paperwork was so slow that there was no way for me to avoid taking the Army's induction physical . . . in Chicago!

Lorenzo
Officer Candidate School
1966

I'm no longer sure that my memory of that horrible day taking the Army's physical in Chicago is accurate, but what I recall is a long day that involved the humiliation of standing in lines for hours, most of the time naked. There were hundreds of us walking like naked zombies carrying our clothes folded on our arms in front of us. We were treated as just so much cannon fodder, with the doctor's assistants making jokes about how long we would last in Viet Nam. I've even had dreams about that experience.

So I took the physical, and I passed it. On the same day that I was informed that I was classified A-1, I was also informed that my paperwork from the Navy had finally caught up to the Draft Board, and my induction notice was canceled. However, I was to report to OCS several months earlier that I was originally told. A week later I left for Europe to spend some time with one of my British crew mates from Hawaii and then on to Austria and Germany before returning home two days before I had to report to the Navy.

197

Lyle Galloway

One of the most well-versed old-time sailors that I've ever met was Lyle Galloway. Lyle was an artist and lived in San Francisco. On the ship that I sailed to Hawaii, he was in the same watch as I was. There were six of us in the starboard watch, and I was the only one who wasn't associated with the maritime museum in San Francisco. Lyle had a wealth of old sailing knowledge that blew me away. On top of that he knew at least a hundred old sea shanties.

The starboard watch with Captain Villiers (3rd from right*)* ***Lyle Galloway*** (on the left*)*

It was a little more than a year after I joined the Navy that I had an opportunity to visit Lyle at his home on Noe Street in San Francisco. That's the street you often see in photos, where the houses are three stories tall and are scrunched up next to one another as they descend down the steep street. After singing a bunch of sea songs and drinking a lot of booze, Lyle took me up to the roof where he showed me how he would jump from one roof to another to get to the bottom of the hill.

I had hoped to stay connected with this intelligent, talented, and fun-loving man for years to come, but it didn't work out that way. A few years after our reunion in San Francisco, I learned that Lyle had been swept overboard in a storm during a sailboat race off the Pacific coast. It was a fitting death for a great sailor, but it came far too soon.

198
Captain Lonnin's ocelot

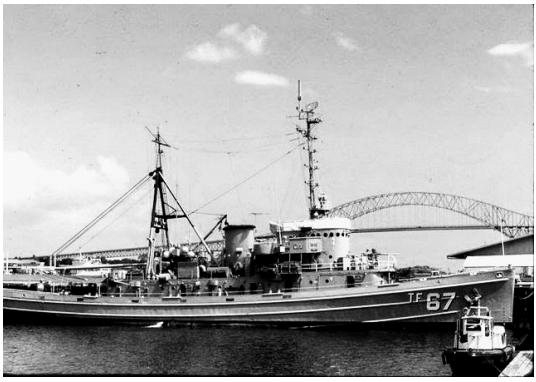
I have many tales to tell about Larry Lonnin, who was the captain of the Apache during the time that I was the executive officer. In retrospect, and thanks to my memories of the days on our Scorpion cruise now being quite faded, I remember Captain Lonnin as a truly gifted commanding officer. During the time I served with him, however, I'm afraid that my behavior towards him was more of a "Mister Roberts" type. That said, I think that my attitude was a big morale boost to the enlisted crew, because they knew that they could complain to me about something the captain had ordered them to do, and that I would at least sympathize with them about its absurdity (as they saw it).

Due to some instance that I no longer remember, the captain made it a standing order on the bridge that, during the night, if there was an emergency, the officer of the deck wouldn't take the time to call the captain on the sound powered phone, which was next to the captain's bunk. Instead, they only had to buzz that phone three times and the captain would rush straight to the bridge without wasting any time by answering the phone.

As executive officer, I also had my own cabin, along with my own sound powered phone with direct connections to several stations. One of those stations was the captain's stateroom. On nights when I was pissed off at something the captain had done that day, I would wait until around two in the morning and give the captain's phone three quick rings. He had to pass by the door to my cabin to climb the ladder up to the bridge. So I could hear the captain's door

slam and his rushing footsteps as he climbed up to the bridge just outside of my room.

Then I would hear some loud conversation on the bridge followed by the captain coming down the ladder and knocking on my door. "Number 1," he would say, "have you been getting any strange calls on your phone?" Needless to say, we never figured out what kind of an electrical problem was causing his phone to ring at random times during the night.



The USS Apache in Panama

On our way back to San Diego from the Atlantic, we obviously had to go back through the Panama Canal. Our last stop before reaching home was Panama City, and that was where Captain Lonnin bought an ocelot to keep as a pet when he returned home. It was to be a surprise for his wife. By that time he had done so many other unusual things that our crew just took it in stride, except for our stewards. They all refused to clean the captain's cabin unless he was present while they did it. They were terrified of the rather large cat that Lonnin was keeping in a cage near his bed.

One afternoon there was a huge racket that came from the captain's cabin. We could hear him yelling and the cat screeching, but none of us had the courage to open his door and check on him. And it was a good thing that we kept that door closed, because what had happened was that the cat got out of his cage and the captain was desperately trying to get it back into the cage. When it was finally over, and the captain came out of his room, a bunch of us were waiting there and there was no way that any of us could suppress our

laughter. He was a mess. His shirt and pants were ripped to shreds, and there was blood all over him. It was a perfect end to our cruise.

199

The Elgin Academy

When I was about nine years old I began taking piano lessons. My teacher was a woman named Connie, and she was the music teacher at the Elgin Academy. This was a private college preparatory school that focused on teaching the classics. It was established in 1839. To us working class people, this was considered to be a school only for the rich.

My lessons were given in an old house that was on the school's property, but our semi-annual piano recitals were held in the Sears Art Gallery, which had been donated to the school in the 1920s. The main room in the gallery was dominated by a large painting of George Washington that was done by Gilbert Stuart. We were told that it was an original and very valuable, but other galleries also seem to have the same painting. So it may have been a reproduction. Nonetheless, we young children were taught to be very reverential when we were in front of it.

I remember playing several piano recitals in that great gallery, some of which I played as duets with my mother and me sharing a piano. There was no digital photography in those days, but on one occasion my dad filmed me playing on one of the grand pianos in the gallery.

There was always a rehearsal the weekend before our recital, which was the only time that I met any of Connie's other students. The only one that I still remember was her brother, who was a couple of years older than me. While the other students were playing their pieces during our practice session, he and I would climb up into an attic storeroom where the theater props were stored and have sword fights with some old weapons that were stored there.

The thing that is most memorable for me from those piano lessons was when Connie taught me how to cure the hiccups. We

were in the little house one day, and I was playing some piece that she had given me the week before, when a case of the hiccups came over me. So she got a big glass of water and told me to drink it while she folded the tops of my ears over and held them down while I drank. It worked! And ever since then I have cured my hiccups and those of my friends and family by holding their ears down while they drank a glass of water. Try it sometime. You might be surprised.

200

Back to the world

I don't know if this is still done, but during the American War in Viet Nam almost everyone who was there had what we call a short-timer's calendar. This was just a drawing of a naked woman that had 365 little areas on it, essentially like a paint-by-numbers project. Each area had a number in it, and they ranged from 1 - 365. Each morning we would color in one of the little areas, and on the day that we returned home we colored in the last part of the picture. It was our "Back To The World Day."

My tour of duty in Viet Nam ended on December 23, 1967. Fifty years have now gone by since I came back to the world from the nightmare that was the war in Viet Nam. Thousands of my brothers in arms never returned, and well over a million Vietnamese civilians died as well. I was one of the lucky ones to have returned essentially unscathed. And while I have experienced my share of heartbreak during these past fifty years, I will be forever thankful that I had them. Life may be difficult at times, but it sure does beat the alternative.

Press on, my friends, press on!

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